

12268 aaa 19

THE COMPANION.



And happy shades in which the aspiring youth
Receives the lessons of immortal truth.

THE
COMPANION.

BEING

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE

Most Admired Pieces from the best Authors,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

Seek here, ye YOUNG, the anchor of your mind;
Here suffering AGE, a blest'd provision find.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR WATSON, ELDER AND COMPANY,
PARLIAMENT CLOSE.

1790.

®

S



PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the labour of a compiler be inferior to that of an author, yet the industry of the former may be of considerable utility to society; it is his task to crop the fruits and the flowers, that he may present them to his guest, leaving any thing that is tasteless or unpleasing behind.

The design of the present collection is to furnish the reader with the most interesting stories and the most approved moral essays that the English language affords. The reader will also find a selection of beautiful poems, and elegant extracts from such poems as are too long to be ingrossed at full length.

By thus blending poetry with prose, the compilers are hopeful they shall be able to please both the grave and the gay; the humorous as well as the severe; and

that they shall be instrumental in diffusing useful knowledge, and creating in many a passion for letters, which will enable them to fill up a leisure hour; and not only prevent an improper waste of time, but afford the best and sweetest satisfaction to the mind.

The present compilation, it is hoped, will not only in some measure supply the place of a library to those who are not in circumstances to lay out much money in purchasing books of instruction and amusement, but will also gratify the curiosity of such as have not leisure to peruse many of the works of the best English Classics; for who can hear of the elegance of the Spectator, the harmony of Pope, the sprightliness of the Adventurer, without feeling a strong desire to be in some measure acquainted with their writings? It will also furnish the country gentleman and his family with such literary provision as may save the trouble

and expence of the carriage of many volumes. And as the greater part of the manufacturing towns in the three kingdoms have not access to circulating libraries, the present collection will in some measure supply that defect.

In the choice of materials, the compilers have studied to blend amusement with instruction; and the purchasers of this collection will find in it many admired pieces, which cannot be procured without also purchasing perhaps ten times their bulk of such matter as they would not spend time in reading.

The compilers will only further add, that they have studied to make the work of a proper portable size, and at the same time as elegant as the price could possibly admit of; and they will venture to affirm, that it is by much the cheapest book of the kind ever offered to the public.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS work will be comprised in six volumes, consisting of about 300 pages each, to be printed on a similar paper with the present; and to each volume there will be affixed an elegant engraving: The price to subscribers only 2s. each volume in boards. The compilers take this opportunity of requesting the favour of any particular piece from their subscribers, that can be inserted consistently with their plan. In case the work, from the favours of correspondents, should turn out to seven volumes, the seventh will be given to subscribers gratis.

Communications, post paid, addressed to Watson, Elder and Company, Parliament Square, Edinburgh, will be properly attended to.

CONTENTS.

No.		Page.
1.	On the importance of improving time, - -	I
2.	Edwin and Emma, - -	18
3.	Story of La Roche, -	23
4.	Hermit of Warkworth, -	48
5.	Adventures of Meliffa, -	86
6.	On Happiness, - -	111
7.	History of Anningait and Ajut, -	115
8.	The Bridal bed, -	127
9.	On domestic quarrelling, -	134
10.	Colma, - -	144
11.	Fatal effects of false apologies and pretences, exemplified in the history of Captain Freeman, -	149
12.	Contempt of the pursuits of life, -	170
13.	Croma, from Ossian, -	174
14.	Ode to women, -	181
15.	Honour, false notions of it, story of Eugenio, -	186
16.	On human nature, - -	224

	Page.
No. 17. Paternal forgiveness, a remarkable instance of it, -	229
18. Ode to cheerfulness, -	235
19. Pity does not always excite virtuous actions, story of the Monk, - -	241
20. Edwin and Angelina, -	246
21. On the affectation of high life, history of Mr. Homespun, -	253
22. Adventures of John Gilpin, -	270

ESSAYS, POEMS, &c.

NUMBER I.

Corrupted manners I shall ne'er defend;
Nor, falsely witty, for my faults contend.

ELPHIN.

WE shall begin this work with extracts from two celebrated moralists, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Knox.

So few of the hours of life are filled up with objects adequate to the mind of man, and so frequently are we in want of present pleasure or employment, that we are forced to have recourse every moment to the past and future for supplemental satisfactions, and relieve the vacuities of our being, by recollection of former passages, or anticipation of events to come.

I cannot but consider this necessity of searching on every side for matter on which the attention may be employed, as a strong proof

of the superior and celestial nature of the soul of man. We have no reason to believe that other creatures have higher faculties, or more extensive capacities, than the preservation of themselves or their species requires : they seem always to be fully employed, or to be completely at ease without employment ; to feel few intellectual miseries or pleasures ; and to have no exuberance of understanding to lay out upon curiosity or caprice ; but to have their minds exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other ideas than such as corporal pain or pleasure impress upon them.

Of memory, which makes so large a part of the excellence of the human soul, and which has so much influence upon all its other powers, but a small portion has been allotted to the animal world. We do not find the grief with which the dams lament the loss of their young, proportionate to the tenderness with which they caress, the assiduity with which they feed, or the vehemence with which they defend them. Their regard for their offspring, when it is before their eyes, is not, in appearance, less than that of a human parent ; but when it is taken away, it is very soon forgotten, and, after a short absence, if brought again, wholly disregarded.

That they have very little remembrance of any thing once out of the reach of their senses, and scarce any power of comparing the present with the past, and regulating their conclusions from experience, may be gathered from this, that their intellects are produced in their full perfection. The sparrow that was hatched last spring makes her first nest the ensuing season, of the same materials, and with the same art, as in any following year; and the hen conducts and shelters her first brood of chickens with all the prudence that she ever attains.

It has been asked by men who love to perplex any thing that is plain to common understandings, how reason differs from instinct; and Prior has, with no great propriety, made Solomon himself declare, that to distinguish them, is *the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride*. To give an accurate answer to a question of which the terms are not completely understood, is impossible: we do not know in what either reason or instinct consist, and therefore cannot tell with exactness how they differ; but surely he that contemplates a ship and a bird's nest, will not be long without finding out, that the idea of the one was impressed at once, and continued through all the

progressive descents of the species, without variation or improvement; and that the other is the result of experiments compared with experiments, has grown, by accumulated observation, from less to greater excellence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of different ages, and various professions.

Memory is the purveyor of reason; the power which places those images before the mind upon which the judgment is to be exercised, and which treasures up the determinations that are once passed, as the rules of future action, or grounds of subsequent conclusions.

It is indeed the faculty of remembrance, which may be said to place us in the class of moral agents. If we were to act only in consequence of some immediate impulse, and receive no direction from internal motives of choice, we should be pushed forward by an invincible fatality, without power or reason, for the most part, to prefer one thing to another, because we could make no comparison but of objects which might both happen to be present.

We owe to memory not only the increase of our knowledge, and our progress in rational inquiries, but many other intellectual pleasures.

Indeed, almost all that we can be said to enjoy is past or future ; the present is in perpetual motion, leaves us as soon as it arrives, ceases to be present before its presence is well perceived, and is only known to have existed by the effects which it leaves behind. The greatest part of our ideas arises therefore from the view before or behind us ; and we are happy or miserable, according as we are affected by the survey of our life, or our prospect of future existence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at such a distance from us, that we cannot take the whole concatenation into our view, we have generally power enough over our imagination to turn it upon pleasing scenes, and can promise ourselves riches, honours, and delights, without intermingling those vexations and anxieties with which all human enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks in on one side, and alarms us with dangers and disappointments, we call in hope on the other, to solace us with rewards, and escapes, and victories ; so that we are seldom without means of palliating remote evils, and can generally soothe ourselves to tranquillity, whenever any troublesome preface happens to attack us.

It is therefore, I believe, much more common for the solitary and thoughtful, to amuse themselves with schemes of the future, than reviews of the past : For the future is pliant and ductile, and will be easily moulded by a strong fancy into any form ; but the images which memory presents are of a stubborn and untractable nature : the objects of remembrance have already existed, and left their signature behind them, impressed upon the mind, so as to defy all attempts of rasure or of change.

As the satisfactions, therefore, arising from memory are less arbitrary, they are more solid ; and are indeed the only joys which we can call our own. Whatever we have once repositied, as Dryden expresses it, *in the secret treasure of the past*, is out of the reach of accident or violence, nor can be lost either by our own weakness, or another's malice :

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,

The joys I have possess'd in spite of fate are mine.
Not heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

DRYDEN.

There is certainly no greater happiness, than to be able to look back on a life usefully and

virtuously employed ; to trace our own progress in existence, by such tokens as excite neither shame nor sorrow. Life, in which nothing has been done, or suffered to distinguish one day from another, is to him that has passed it, as if it had never been ; except that he is conscious how ill he has husbanded the great deposit of his Creator. Life, made memorable by crimes, and diversified through its several periods by wickedness, is indeed easily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorse.

The great consideration which ought to influence us in the use of the present moment, is to arise from the effect, which, as well or ill applied, it must have upon the time to come. For though its actual existence be inconceivably short, yet its effects are unlimited ; and there is not the smallest point of time but may extend its consequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and gives us reason to remember it for ever, with anguish or exultation.

The time of life in which memory seems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and

fall easily into recitals of past transactions, and accounts of persons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave, it is more eminently true ;

Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years.

CREECH.

We have no longer any possibility of great vicissitudes in our favour ; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation ; and those who have no hope before them, and to whom their present state is painful and irksome, must of necessity turn their thoughts back, to try what retrospect will afford. It ought therefore to be the care of those who wish to pass the last hours with comfort, to lay up such a treasure of pleasing ideas, as shall support the expenses of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind ;
Here suff'ring age a blest'd provision find.

ELPHIN.

In youth, however unhappy, we solace ourselves with the hope of better fortune, and however vicious, appease our consciences with

intentions of repentance; but the time comes at last, in which life has no more to promise; in which happiness can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleasure.

A YOUNG man, after reading the above paper with attention, will naturally fall into reflections of the following nature:

“ At the age when I arrive at maturity of
“ reason, I perceive myself placed in a world
“ abounding with external objects; and I al-
“ so perceive within me powers and passions
“ formed to be powerfully excited and affect-
“ ed with them. I am naturally tempted to
“ interrogate myself, what am I? whence
“ came I? and whither am I going?

“ With a view to satisfy my own inqui-
“ ries, I consider others who appear to be
“ just like myself; I listen to the instruction
“ of those who have obtained a reputation for
“ wisdom; and I examine, with serious at-
“ tention, the volumes in which are written
“ the words of the wise.

“ The result of the whole inquiry is a sin-
“ cere conviction, that I am placed here to

“ perform many duties ; that I originate
“ from a supreme Creator ; and that I am
“ going on in the journey of life, to accom-
“ plish some of his gracious purposes at the
“ close of it, as well as in its progress.

“ I divide my duty into three parts, accord-
“ ing to the suggestions of my own reason,
“ and the instruction of books. They consist
“ of the obligations which I owe to myself,
“ to others, and to him in whose hands are
“ both they and I, the great Lord of the uni-
“ verse.

“ With respect to myself, as I consist of
“ two parts, a body and a mind, my duty
“ to myself, again, separates itself into two
“ correspondent subdivisions. My body is a
“ machine curiously organized, and easily
“ deranged by excess and irregularity. When
“ disturbed in its economy, it subjects me
“ to pain, and disables me from all neces-
“ sary and pleasant exertion. I owe it there-
“ fore to myself, to taste the cup, and par-
“ take the banquet, and gratify my sens-
“ es no further than those limits which
“ are obviously prescribed by reason and
“ experience. I further learn from the re-
“ ligion of my country, that my body is
“ the temple of the holy spirit. To pollute

“ it with presumptuous transgression cannot
“ but be blasphemy ; to devote myself to
“ gluttony, drunkenness, and debauchery, is
“ at once to deaden the growing energies of
“ spiritual life, and to weaken and destroy
“ the subordinate, yet necessary parts of me,
“ my animal and material fabric ; it is to
“ shorten life, and to disable me from per-
“ forming its duties while it continues.

“ But I have a mind also capable of rising
“ to high improvements by culture, and of
“ sinking to a brutal stupidity by neglect. I
“ will make use of all the advantages of edu-
“ cation. I will devote my hours of leisure
“ to reading and reflection. Elegant letters,
“ as well as useful science, shall claim my
“ attention ; for all that tends to polish the
“ mind, tends also to sweeten the temper,
“ and to mitigate the remains of natural fe-
“ rocity.

“ My mind, as well as my body, is great-
“ ly concerned in avoiding intemperance.
“ Eating to excess clouds its brightness,
“ blunts its edge, and, as it were, drags it
“ down to all the grossness of materiality.
“ Intemperate drinking not only reduces it at
“ the time of its immediate influence to a
“ state of brutality, but gradually destroys

“ all its vigour. The sensual indulgences in
“ general, when they are inordinate and ex-
“ cessive, debase, corrupt, and brutalize. Their
“ delights are transient, and their pains severe
“ and of long duration.

“ Instead, then, of running into the danger
“ of temptation during the ardour of my
“ youth, I will fly from the conflict, in which
“ my own passions are sure to fight against,
“ and will probably betray me to the enemy.
“ I see, indeed, thousands pursuing pleasure,
“ and professing to have found it in perfec-
“ tion in the haunts of debauchery. But I
“ see them but for a little while. Like the
“ silly insect that flutters with delight around
“ the taper, they soon receive some fatal in-
“ jury in their minds, their persons, or their
“ fortunes, and drop in irrecoverable ruin.
“ Alas! I am too much inclined to vice, from
“ the depravity of my nature, and the vio-
“ lence of my passions. I will not add fuel
“ to the fire, nor increase the violence of that
“ natural tempest within me, which of itself
“ is sufficient for my destruction.

“ But, at the same time, I will not be a
“ cynic. The world abounds with innocent
“ enjoyments. The kind God of nature in-
“ tended that I should taste them.—But mo-

“ deration is essential to true pleasure. My
“ own experience, and the experience of man-
“ kind from their origin, has declared, that
“ whenever pleasure exceeds the bounds of
“ moderation, it is not only highly injurious,
“ but disgustful. In order to enjoy pleasure,
“ I see the necessity of pursuing some business
“ with attention. The vicissitude is necessa-
“ ry to excite an appetite, and give a relish.
“ Nay, the very performance of business
“ with skill and success is attended with a de-
“ lightful satisfaction, which few boasted plea-
“ sures are able to confer.

“ While I take care of myself, of my health,
“ of my improvement in morals and under-
“ standing, I will not harbour pride, or look
“ down with superciliousness or ill-nature on
“ those who live, as it were, at random, and
“ who acknowledge no other guide of their
“ conduct, but the sudden impulse of a
“ temporary inclination. With all my im-
“ provements and endeavours, I shall still feel
“ imperfections enough to humble me. Can-
“ dour and humility are some of the least fal-
“ lible marks of sound sense and sincere vir-
“ tue. I shall have sufficient employment in
“ correcting myself; nor shall I presume to

“ censure others, unless my profession or relative situation renders it my duty.

“ My duty to myself is indeed intimately connected with my duty to others. By preserving the faculties of my mind and body, and by improving to the utmost, I am enabled to exert them with effect in the service of society.

“ I am connected with others by the ties of consanguinity and friendship, and by the common bond of partaking in the same humanity. As a son, I shall be tender and dutiful; as a brother, uniformly affectionate; as a husband, faithful and friendly; as a father, kind and provident; as a man, benevolent to men in whatever circumstances, and however separated from me by country, religion, or government.

“ But universal beneficence must not be an inactive principle. If it proceed not to real benevolence, I fear it will have more in it of ostentation than of sincerity. I will then prove its sincerity by doing good, and removing evil of every kind, as far as my abilities allow me, and my influence extends.

“ But before I pretend to generosity, I will be strictly just. Truth shall regulate my words, and equity my actions. If I am

“ engaged in a profession, I will do the du-
“ ties of it ; if in merchandize, I will take no
“ advantage of the ignorant, nor debase my
“ character, nor wound my conscience, for the
“ sake of lucre. In all my intercourse with
“ society, I will recollect that heavenly pre-
“ cept of doing to others as I wish they should
“ to me ; and will endeavour to obey it.
“ I may, I certainly shall offend, from the
“ violence of my passions, the weakness of
“ my judgment, the perverseness of my will,
“ and from mistake and misapprehension.
“ But while I keep the evangelical rule in
“ view, and sincerely labour to conform to
“ it, I shall seldom commit such offences
“ against others, as will be either permanently
“ or deeply injurious.

“ With respect to my duty to my Creator,
“ I derive an argument in favour of religion,
“ from the feelings of my own bosom, supe-
“ rior to the most elaborate subtilties of hu-
“ man ingenuity. In the hour of distress,
“ my heart as naturally flies for succour to
“ the Deity, as when hungry and thirsty I
“ seek food and water ; or when weary, re-
“ pose. In religion I look for comfort ; and
“ in religion I always find it. Devotion sup-
“ plies me with a pure and exalted pleasure.

“ It elevates my soul, and teaches me to look
“ down with a proper contempt upon many
“ objects which are eagerly fought, but
“ which end in misery. In this respect, and
“ in many others, it effects, in the best and
“ most compendious method, what has been
“ in vain pretended to by proud philosophy.

“ And in selecting a mode or peculiar system of religion, I shall consider what that was, in which my father lived and died.
“ I find it to have been the religion of Christ.
“ I examine it with reverence. I encounter
“ many difficulties; but, at the same time,
“ I feel within me an internal evidence, which,
“ uniting its force with the external, forbids
“ me to disbelieve. When involuntary doubts
“ arise, I immediately silence their importunity, by recollecting the weakness of my
“ judgment, and the vain presumption of
“ hastily deciding on the most important of
“ all subjects, against such powerful evidence,
“ and against the major part of the civilized
“ world.

“ I will learn humility of the humble Jesus,
“ and gratefully accept the beneficial doctrines
“ and glorious offers, which his benign religion reaches out to all who sincerely seek
“ him by prayer and penitence.

“ In vain shall the conceited philosophers,
“ whom fashion and ignorance admire, at-
“ tempt to weaken my belief, or undermine
“ the principles of my morality. Without
“ their aid, I can be sufficiently wicked, and
“ sufficiently miserable. Human life abounds
“ with evil. I will seek balsams for the
“ wounds of the heart in the sweets of inno-
“ cence, and in the consolations of religion.
“ Virtue, I am convinced, is the noblest or-
“ nament of humanity, and the source of the
“ sublimest and the sweetest pleasure; and
“ piety leads to that peace, which the world,
“ and all that it possesses, cannot bestow.
“ Let others enjoy the pride and pleasure of
“ being called philosophers, deists, sceptics:
“ be mine the real, unostentatious qualities
“ of the honest, humble, and charitable Chris-
“ tian. When the gaudy glories of fashion
“ and of vain philosophy shall have withered
“ like a short-lived flower, sincere piety and
“ moral honesty shall flourish as the cedar of
“ Lebanon.

“ But I repress my triumphs. After all
“ my improvements, and all my pantings for
“ perfection, I shall still be greatly defective.
“ Therefore, to whatever degree of excellence
“ I advance, let me never forget to shew to

“ others that indulgence, which my infirmi-
“ ties, my errors, and my voluntary miscon-
“ duct, will require both from them, and from
“ mine, and their Almighty and most mer-
“ ciful Father.”

NUMBER II.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the same.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye ;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek :
Such orient colour smiles through heav'n
When May's sweet morning break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains :
That sun who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair :
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair,

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art ;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught ;
Was quickly too reveal'd :
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of different passions strove:
His heart; that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past ! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love !

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dew appears.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she !
Forbade what Emma came to say ;
My Edwin live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she past
The visionary vale—
When lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad-sounding in the gale !

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone ! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more !

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head ;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

NUMBER III.

O thou whose pow'r o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides ;
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest :
From thee, great God, we spring ; to thee we tend ;
Path, motive, guide, original ; and end.

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad ; and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ——'s, the finer and more delicate sen-

fibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial; and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.—Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man,

who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.—Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat; and he followed his gouvernante to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth; and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. ——— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—“Mademoiselle!” said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned, and shewed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the

time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however; and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monseigneur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; "if he could possibly be moved any where."—"If he could be moved to our house," said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend; and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome; and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little; and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife after a long and lingering illness, for which

travelling had been prescribed ; and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity ; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in.—Mr. ———, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His *gouvernante* joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery ; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—“ My master,” said the old woman, “ alas ! he is not a Christian ; “ but he is the best of unbelievers.”—“ Not “ a Christian !” exclaimed *Mademoiselle La Roche* ; “ yet he saved my father ! Heaven “ blest him for’t ; I would he were a Christian !”—“ There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,” said her father, “ which “ often blinds men to the sublime truths of “ revelation : hence opposers of Christianity “ are found among men of virtuous lives, as “ well as among those of dissipated and li-

centious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."—"But Mr. ——," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies."—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness: She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground; and left the room.—"I have been thanking God," said the good *La Roche*, "for my recovery. That is right," replied his landlord.—"I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise: did I not look up with gratitude to that being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good:—Alas! I may live to wish I had died; that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. ——'s hand);—but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing

“ his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure ;
“ and regards every breach of it, not with
“ disapprobation, but with horror.”—“ You
“ say right, my dear sir,” replied the philosopher : “ but you are not yet re-established
“ enough to talk much—you must take care
“ of your health, and neither study nor preach
“ for some time. I have been thinking over
“ a scheme that struck me to day, when you
“ mentioned your intended departure. I never
“ was in *Switzerland* ; I have a great
“ mind to accompany your daughter and you
“ into that country. I will help to take care
“ of you by the road ; for, as I was your
“ first physician, I hold myself responsible for
“ your cure.” *La Roche*’s eyes glistened at
the proposal ; his daughter was called in and
told of it. She was equally pleased with her
father ; for they really loved their landlord—
not perhaps the less for his infidelity ; at
least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity
with their regard for him—their souls were
not of a mould for harsher feelings ; hatred
never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages ; for the
philosopher was as good as his word, in taking
care that the old man should not be fatigued.
The party had time to be well ac-

quainted with one another ; and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion ; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse ; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid ; every ungente one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love ; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle *La Roche*, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of these valleys of the canton of *Berne*, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.——A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house; and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides: below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of *La Roche's* church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche's* parishioners, who

had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence ;—it was too delicate for their handling ; but *La Roche* took it in good part. “ It has pleased God,” said he ; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven ; and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks toward him at the sound ; he explained their meaning to his guest. “ That “ is the signal,” said he, “ for our evening “ exercise ; this is one of the nights of the week “ in which some of my parishioners are wont to “ join in it ; a little rustic saloon serves for the “ chapel of our family, and such of the good “ people as are with us ;—if you choose rather “ to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant ; or here are a few old books that “ may afford you some entertainment within.—By no means,” answered the philosopher ; “ I will attend Ma’moiselle at her de-

“votions.”—“She is our organist,” said *La Roche*; “our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.”—“’Tis an additional inducement,” replied the other; and they walked into the room together.—At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside; and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician; but he was not altogether insensible to music: this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused; it ceased;—and the sobbing of *Ma’-moiselle La Roche* was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at

first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved; and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory; and his guest was averse from disputation: their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either, yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to "Mr. ———," "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical

“ powers and musical feelings ; it is a depart-
“ ment of soul, you say, which nature has
“ almost denied you, which, from the effects
“ you see it have on others, you are sure
“ must be highly delightful.—Why should
“ not the same thing be said of religion ?
“ Trust me, I feel it in the same way ; an
“ energy, an inspiration, which I would not
“ lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoy-
“ ments of the world ; yet, so far from lessen-
“ ing my relish of the pleasures of life, me-
“ thinks I feel it heighten them all. The
“ thought of receiving it from God, adds the
“ blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in
“ every good thing I possess ; and when ca-
“ lamities overtake me—and I have had
“ my share—it confers a dignity on my af-
“ fliction,—so lifts me above the world.—
“ Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, me-
“ thinks, I am then allied to God !”—It
would have been inhuman in our philosopher
to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sun-
shine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from
metaphysical disquisition, or religious contro-
versy.—Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary
conversation was the least tinged with pe-
dantry, or liable to disputation. With *La*

Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours, too, of riding and walking, were many, in which Mr. ———, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions, to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. *La Roche* observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—“They are not seen in Flanders!” said Ma’moiselle with a sigh. “That’s an odd remark,” said

Mr. ———, smiling.——She blushed; and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at *Geneva*; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies: When the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which

had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired; and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle *La Roche*'s marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the

lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen; and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himself at last in view of the lake which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche's* dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake; and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a fune-

ral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir!—you never beheld a lovelier"—"*La Roche*!" exclaimed he in reply—"Alas! it was she indeed!"—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came up closer to Mr. ————"I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle *La Roche*."—Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did she die?—Where is her father?"—"She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe: the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion; and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should: he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few

“ exhortations to his parishioners, as is the
“ custom with us on such occasions :—Fol-
“ low me, Sir ; and you shall hear him.”—
He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. *La Roche* sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased,—*La Roche* sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not less affected than they.—*La Roche* arose.—“ Father of mercies !” said he, “ forgive these tears: assist thy servant to lift
“ up his soul to thee ; to lift to thee the souls
“ of thy people !—My friends ! it is good so
“ to do: at all seasons it is good ; but, in the
“ days of our distress, what a privilege it is !
“ Well saith the sacred book, “ Trust in the
“ Lord ; at all times trust in the Lord.”

“ When every other support fails us, when
“ the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up,
“ let us then seek those living waters which
“ flow from the throne of God.—’Tis only from
“ the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a
“ Supreme Being, that our calamities can be
“ borne in that manner which becomes a man.
“ human wisdom is here of little use; for, in
“ proportion as it bestows comfort, it re-
“ presses feeling, without which we may
“ cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall
“ also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not
“ bid you be insensible, my friends! I can-
“ not, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed
“ afresh)—I feel too much myself; and I am
“ not ashamed of my feelings: but therefore
“ may I the more willingly be heard; there-
“ fore have I prayed God to give me strength
“ to speak to you; to direct you to him, not
“ with empty words, but with these tears;
“ not from speculation, but from experience,
“ —that while you see me suffer, you may
“ know also my consolation.

“ You behold the mourner of his only
“ child, the last earthly stay and blessing of
“ his declining years! Such a child too!—
“ It becomes not me to speak of her virtues;
“ yet it is but gratitude to mention them, be-

“ cause they were exerted towards myself.—
“ Not many days ago you saw her young,
“ beautiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye who are
“ parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye
“ will judge of my affliction now. But I look
“ towards him who struck me; I see the
“ hand of a father amidst the chastenings of
“ my God.—Oh! could I make you feel what
“ it is to pour out the heart, when it is press-
“ ed down with many sorrows, to pour it out
“ with confidence to him, in whose hands are
“ life and death; on whose power awaits all
“ that the first enjoys; and in contemplation
“ of whom disappears all that the last can in-
“ flict!—For we are not as those who die
“ without hope; we know that our Redeemer
“ liveth,—that we shall live with him, with
“ our friends his servants, in that blessed
“ land where sorrow is unknown, and happi-
“ ness is endless as it is perfect.—Go, then;
“ mourn not for me; I have not lost my child:
“ but a little while, and we shall meet again,
“ never to be separated.—But ye are also my
“ children: Would ye that I should not grieve
“ without comfort?—So live as she lived;
“ that, when your death cometh, it may be
“ the death of the righteous, and your latter
“ end like his.”

Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. —Mr. — followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed. —The curtains of the organ were open; *La Roche* started back at the sight. —“Oh! my friend!” said he; and his tears burst forth again. Mr. — had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and threw the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears; and, taking his friend’s hand, “You see my weakness,” said he; “’tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.” —“I heard you,” said the other, “in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is your’s.” —It is, “my friend,” said he; “and I trust I shall ever hold it fast;—if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what im-

“ portance religion is to calamity, and for-
“ bear to weaken its force ; if they cannot
“ restore our happiness, let them not take
“ away the solace of our affliction.”

Mr. ———’s heart was smitten ;—and I
have heard him, long after, confess, that there
were moments when the remembrance over-
came him even to weakness ; when, amidst all
the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and
the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his
mind the venerable figure of the good *La*
Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

NUMBER IV.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH*.

Say, will you thank me if I bring you rest,
And ease the torture of your lab'ring breast?

DEDICATION.

*To her Grace ELIZABETH, Duchess and
Countess of Northumberland.*

DOWN in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale;
The muse there found them all remote from view,
Obscur'd with weeds, and scatter'd o'er the dale.

* Warkworth Castle, situated in the county of Northumberland, stands upon a neck of land near the sea. About a mile from the castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a *Hermitage*, of which the chapel is almost entire. It is hollowed out of the rock with much art, and possessing some degree of elegance. In the chapel there is a small tomb or monument on the south side of the altar, on the top of which lies a female figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. There are several other figures round the tomb; but the above, which is very elegantly designed, is the principal one. There are few traditions regarding this chapel, other than what the poem furnishes: it seems to have been founded in the reign of Edward III.

O Lady, may so flight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hands acceptance find ?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind ?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear :
But all for you the Muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble ancestors appear.

She seeks no other praise, if you commend ;
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

FIT THE FIRST*.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in fore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire;
And, snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend fire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

* Fit was the word used by old minstrels to signify a part or division of their historical songs.

O weep not, lady, weep not so ;
Nor let vain fears alarm :
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear ;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :

And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! fore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.

O ! trust in heaven, the hermit said,
And to my cell repair :
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

Then, climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below :

O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree:

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray;
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my son, the hermit said;
The lady's safe and well:
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen these gentle friends;
They lov'd each other dear:
The youth he press'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair:
The youth was tall, with manly bloom;
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright;
She in a filken robe and scarf,
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the sage ;
Sweet rest your limbs require :
Then heaps fresh fewel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;
And, spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,
The youthful couple say ;
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children (for perchance
My counsel may avail),
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale ?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here ? What lands are these ?
And to what lord belong ?

Alas ! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd quite away ?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And, stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir ;
And, oh ! to save him from his foes
It was his grandfire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife ;
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the PERCY name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;
Their honour's rest and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms ;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas ! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills
The PERCY lives unknown ;
On strangers bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O ! might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss !—
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee ?
Then bless me, father, said the youth,
For I thy guest am He.

Silent he gaz'd ; then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed ;
And, lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head :

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care :
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wonderous fair.

Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth :
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand *,
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see ;
At length I won my guardian friend
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wandered as in chace,

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuator of Fordun's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

Till in the noble NEVILLE's house †
I gain'd a hunter's place.

Some time with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden, a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain;
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought till more assistance came;
The Scots were overthrown:
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
To make me more his own.

O happy day! the youth replied:
Blest were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)

Her princely mother's pride:

Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE*,

Our house's ancient foe,

To me, I thought, a banish'd wight,

Could ne'er such favour shew.

Despairing then to gain consent;

At length to fly with me

* Joan, countess of Westmoreland, mother of the lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of king Henry VI.

I won this lovely timorous maid ;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood :

Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the hermit said ;
A while your cares forego :
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed ;
——We'll pass the night below †.

† Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

FIT THE SECOND.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled;
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight;
The youth, consulting with his friend,
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpower'd her breast?
Her cheek with blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride?

Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.

O HENRY! when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?

When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles,
And mother's tender care;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid!
Such matchless favour shew,
To share with me, a banish'd wight,
My peril, pain, or woe?

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee*.

'Tis father Bernard, so rever'd
For every worthy deed;
To Raby castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

* In the little island of *Coquet*, near Warkworth, are still the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tincmouth-Abbey.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And, glad, consents to join their hands,
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way:
Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shews ;
The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace ;
The lattice for confession fram'd,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone :
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
 Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
 A weeping warrior at her feet ;
 And near to these her crest *.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
 Attract the wondering pair :
 Eager they ask, what hapless dame
 Lies sculptured here so fair ?

The hermit sigh'd, the hermit wept ;
 For sorrow scarce could speak :
 At length he wip'd the trickling tears
 That all bedew'd his cheek :

Alas ! my children, human life
 Is but a vale of woe ;
 And very mournful is the tale,
 Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandfire had a friend
 In days of youthful fame ;
 Yon distant hills were his domains ;
 Sir BERTRAM was his name.

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the *Widdrington* family. All the Figures, &c. here described are still visible ; only somewhat effaced with length of time.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she;

Fair WIDDRINGTON the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling place †;
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came:
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend:
Her father soon consents:
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied, fond delays
Defers the blissful hour;

† Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry,
The castle rung around :
Lord PERCY call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung : their high command :
" How valiant MANFRED o'er the seas
" First led his northern band.

- " Brave Galfred next to Normandy
 " With venturous Rollo came;
 " And from his Norman Castles won
 " Assum'd the Percy name *.

 " They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
 " Lord William shipp'd his powers,
 " And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
 " With all her lands and towers.

 " Then journeying to the Holy Land,
 " There bravely fought and dy'd:
 " But first the silver Crescent wan,
 " Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

 " They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
 " The queen's own brother wed,
 " Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
 " In princely Brabant bred.

 " How he the Percy name reviv'd,
 " And how his noble line
 " Still foremost in their country's cause
 " With godlike ardour shine."

† In lower Normandy, there are three places of the name of Percy: from whence the family took the surname of *De Percy*.

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master's song ;
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell ;
Their perils past recall :
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair
Step'd forward thro' the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd ;
And kneeling on her knee ;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the shining helme,
And thrice he kiss'd the same :
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse and more:
Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
The PERCY standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunter's cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes;
So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command,
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel, keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd.

Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme;
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd with glad assent,
And spur'd his eager steed,
And, calling on his Lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely, 'mid the opposing ranks,
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro';
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he flew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round;
But, dauntless, he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field;
When, ponderous, fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain;
That beauteous helme, his lady's gift!
—His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
Amid th' unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to feize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathering round, on every part
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
There all their courage shew'd;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
 The Scots reluctant yield,
 And, after wonderous valour shewn,
 They slowly quit the field!

All pale, extended on their shields,
 And weltering in his gore,
 Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
 To WARK's fair castle bore *

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,
 Her father kindly said;
 And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
 And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went; no daughter came;
 Fair ISABEL ne'er appears:
 Behrew me, said the aged chief,
 Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up my son; thou shalt her see
 So soon as thou canst ride;
 And she shall nurse thee in her bower;
 And she shall be thy bride.

* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, not far from Kelso. It is now almost entirely destroyed.

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd ;
He blest'd the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

FIT THE THIRD.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose ;
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had, in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen ;
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
E'er they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
E'er he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear:
What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden, o'er moor and moss,
To see thy lady fair.

Now out alas! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee;
And sure, if no sad harm had hap'd,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've slain the comliest knight,
All thro' my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And sooth his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day ;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on her way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind :
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
'Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
And with sad boding heart,
Or ever the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range :
Do thou go north, and I'll go west ;
And all our drefs we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den ;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
'Till she is restor'd agen.

The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their drefs they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a Palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town ;
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged Pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee :
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be !

Father, I serve an aged Lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stol'n away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son ; perchance (he said)
Some tidings I may bear :
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd, what harm had hap'd,
What Lady sick there lay ?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

The tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear ;
He thank'd him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy Lord at home
To hear a minstrel's song ?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong ?

My Lord, he said, is not at home
To hear a Minstrel's song :
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.

He play'd again so soft a strain ;
Such power sweet sounds impart ;
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And mov'd his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet ;
Fair entrance thou should'st win ;
But, alas ! I am sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thoul't find a sheltering cave ;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear :
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his Lady through the grate ;
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
'Till near the morning tide ;
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid ;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighb'ring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can 'scape the lover's ken?
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent steps he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said;
My thanks thou well hast won:
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd?
For me what dangers run?

And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay:—
Sir Bertram would no further bear;
But cried, Vile traitor, stay!

Vile traitor, yield that Lady up!
And quick his sword he drew.
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow:
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die!—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.

Ah; then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!—
And here the Hermit paus'd and wept:
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest!—
E'er I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabb'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate! they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow?
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd;
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound ;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! spake never more ;
His precious life was flown.
She kindly strove to sooth my pain,
Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,
And live to think on me :
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be !

Bertram, she said, I still was true ;
Thou only hadst my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliss !
We now, alas ! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief ;
When, lo ! near Chiviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief.

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffer'd love
I had refus'd with scorn ;
He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn ;

And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin'd ;
And fondly sued and warmly prefs'd,
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear ;
When, wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave design
To set me, captive, free ;
And on the moor his horses wait
Ty'd to a neighb'ring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide ;
And sometimes fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus, pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay :
Then sudden, all in frantic mood,
I meant myself to slay :

And, rising up in furious haste,
I seiz'd the bloody brand :
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward ;
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
Lord Percy had us soon exchange'd,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains
To England were convey'd ;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought ;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care;
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild;

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here, a lonely Anchorite,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice;
This blest retreat he gave:
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd faint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpity'd pass'd my life,
Forfaken or forgot,
The Percy and his noble sons
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell,
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe ;
I liv'd to mourn his fall :
I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd ; and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid :
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
They ask the good old fire ;
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Mean time their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her * nephew's throne
The royal grace implor'd :
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame :
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

* King Henry VI. Anno 1440.

VOL. I.

H

“ Endure and conquer ; live for better fate.”

I RECEIVED, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whose name is known to many, but the “ eventful history” of whose life has been communicated to few : to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance ; and as there is not a single person living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited dishonour, or whose delicacy or virtue can suffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a series of events from which the wretched may derive comfort and the most forlorn may be encouraged to hope ; as misery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper distress, and the mind fortified against despair by instances of unexpected relief.

The father of Melissa was the younger son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of about five hundred a year ; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three sisters to be provided for,

he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius, and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of sullen disdain, and after two years legal slavery made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself a soldier; not doubting but that, by his military art and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a counting house. He found means effectually to elude the inquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project and obstruct his advancement.

He was sent with other recruits to London ; and soon after quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chamber-maid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well educated, and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children ; the youngest was a daughter, who had just entered her seventeenth year ; she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well shaped ; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impossible for him, he said, to live without her ; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to continue illiterate

and unpolished ; she knew no entertainment higher than a game at romps with the servants ; she became their confident, and trusted them in return ; nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint from her new mother, who observed with a secret satisfaction that Miss had been used to hide herself from visitors, as neither knowing how to behave nor being fit to be seen, and chose rather to conceal her defects by excluding her from company, than to supply them by putting her to a boarding school.

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweet-heart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and, without scruple, made one in a party at blind man's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished away by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him ; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a

common foldier, without revealing his birth, or boasting of his expectations.

In this attempt he became very assiduous, and succeeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young mistress departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town, they were married.

The old gentleman, as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an inquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone: he mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage than the emotion of tenderness, and resenting her offence rather as the rebellion of a slave than the disobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been consummated; of which when he was informed by the husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation, swearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithstanding their union frequently doubled their distress, still continued fond of each other. The spirit of enterprize and the hope of presumption were

not yet quelled in the young soldier ; and he received orders to attend King William when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independence and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate. His wife, who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him. When she came on shore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror is become familiar and compassion impossible, she was terrified : The discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion ; and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and disgust : Her maid, Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need.

In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist ; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and re-

requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy: But new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him brought back desperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the same condition, to a place of greater safety, at the distance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and she reached the hospital but just time enough to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of

her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and she lived but to be delivered of Meliffa, who was thus in the most helpless state, left without father, mother, or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate, and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened, that among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of Meliffa, there was a young woman whose husband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconveniency, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast: but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pocket she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking-glass, about the value of a penny in Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she gave afterwards to the captain, who

was touched with pity at the relation which an enquiry after his laundress produced. He commended the woman who had preserved the infant, and put her into the place of its mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom she also returned, and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon as he had settled his immediate concerns, sent Melissa under the care of her nurse to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preserved. He knew that those who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct which before we approved as just: he therefore hoped that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that

inexorable resentment which produced them, by cherishing a life to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child she held in her arms was his grand-daughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter, and dismissed her with menaces and insult. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Melissa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant that his niece should want nothing which he could bestow: to bestow much, indeed, was not in his power; for his father having obstinately persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the 'squire: but as he was a good economist and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

Melissa, who was compassionate for her mother's misfortunes, of which her uncle had

been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place: But her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless, though her wants were increased, and wretched in proportion as she had known happiness: She looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction: A fit of crying had just afforded her a momentary relief, when the 'squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house. This gentleman had heard her story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preserved almost by miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress; and Miss received her with great tenderness

and complacency : She wiped away her tears ; and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and revered as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand just before he expired ; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, inclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle put down as they came to his knowledge : The train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions, which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence.

In this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite : The good 'squire seemed to consider her as his own child, and Miss as her sister ; she was taught dancing and music, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such sums as were necessary for trivial expences. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyment of to-day ; but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future : Melissa was probably as happy as if she had been in

the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendor which she had enjoyed already, would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year; and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular marks of respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear: she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father or sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed; and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown overboard to appease it. She therefore affected not to perceive that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover; and hoped that he would

thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see; yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he revered her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife; and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the execution of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in an agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem increased by her virtue: he caught her in his arms; and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she was under either to

herself or her benefactor : " Would not," said she, " the presence of a wretch whom you
" had seduced from innocence and peace to
" remorse and guilt, perpetually upbraid you ;
" and would you not always fear to be be-
" trayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kind-
" nefs could secure ; who had broken all the
" bands that restrain the generous and the
" good ; and who, by an act of the most fla-
" gitious ingratitude, had at once reached the
" pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend
" by imperceptible gradations ?"

These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire ; he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour ; and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might most effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers : he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness ; while she regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with attention which her heart condemned : his father, in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually ingrossed by each other, came near enough to hear

that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in Melissa's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been used to remove into the country: He therefore gave orders, that every thing should be prepared for the journey; and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning: a man and horse being dispatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprised at this sudden removal; but though the 'squire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not inquire the reason, nor indeed did they suspect it. Melissa packed up her things as usual; and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having, by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Melissa into the parlour; where, in a few words, but with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent; an act of ingratitude which

he said justified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken that a bank bill of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, should be the last : adding, that he expected she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply ; nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Melissa a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress ; with this aggravation, that ease and affluence were become habitual ; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater danger ; for few that have been used to slumber upon down, and wake to festivity, can resist the allurements of vice, who still offers ease and plenty, when the alternative are a flock-bed and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour.

Melissa, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it ; nor

to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependence, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time remove her, without cause and without notice. She had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms; nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house: yet such was the dignity of her spirit, that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country seat; and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately to the Post-office. The tears then burst out, which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder and pity had subsided, told her that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain work, to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist her in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue till some more eligible situation

could be obtained. Melissa listened to this proposal, as to the voice of heaven ; her mind was suddenly relieved from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the insults of the rabble : She was in haste to secure her good fortune, and felt some degree of pain lest she should lose it by the earlier application of another ; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that Melissa should work for her board and lodging ; for she would not consent to accept as a gift, that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While Melissa was a journeywoman to a person, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion, it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliner's, wrapped up in a news-paper : The linen was put into the work-basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, Melissa at last caught it up, and was about to read it ; but perceiving that it had been published a fortnight, was just going to put it into the fire, when by an accidental glance she saw her father's name : This immediately engaged her attention, and

with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which her father, said to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or the navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staples Inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person Melissa applied with all the ardor of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation: She was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possessed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters: but that a mistress who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had in the bitterness of her resentment published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different passions that were at once excited with uncommon violence in the breast of Melissa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection; and when she be-

came more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right: Her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual. After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person: as he had been often pointed out to her in public places by the 'squire, to whom her story was well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive: She soon obtained directions to his house; and being readily admitted to a conference, she told him with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant; in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate which it inclosed; that by the death of her father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was become entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to intrust the management of an affair in which wealth and

influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost peculiar to his profession, and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any : He congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected an event ; and without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom, he said, she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do than to tell her story :

“ And do not,” said he, “ doubt of success, “ for I will be ready to testify what I know “ of the affair, whenever I shall be called upon ; and the woman who was present at “ your birth, and brought you over, still “ lives with me, and upon this occasion may “ do you signal service.”

Melissa departed, melted with gratitude, and elated with hope. The gentleman, to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put into the possession of her estate. Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life but a fortune : He received her acknowledgements with a plea-

sure, which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the 'squire, whose kindness she still remembered, and whose resentment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country-seat, from whence the family was not returned: She had lain at an inn within six miles of the place; and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, she could perceive the servants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady and her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery: She remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those from whose society she had so lately been driven with disdain and indignation.

She now increased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which would not however long de-

tain him : he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hasted into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her : she alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon ; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself, to his great astonishment : and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect, “ You see, sir, “ an orphan who is under the greatest obligations to your bounty, but who has been equally injured by your suspicions. When I “ was a dependent upon your liberality, I would “ not assert my innocence, because I could not “ bear to be suspected of falsehood : but I assert it now I am the possessor of a paternal estate, because I cannot bear to be suspected of “ ingratitude : That your son pressed me to marry him, is true ; but it is also true that I “ refused him, because I would not disappoint “ your hopes, and impoverish your posterity.” The old gentleman’s confusion was increased by the wonders that crowded upon him : he

first made some attempts to apologize for his suspicions, with awkwardness and hesitation; then, doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly and remained silent; then reproaching himself, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again desisted before he had finished the compliment. MELISSA perceived his perplexity, and guessed the cause; she was therefore about to account more particularly for the sudden change of her circumstances: but miss, whose maid had brought her intelligence from the servants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was MELISSA, and that she was lately come to a great estate by the death of her uncle, could no longer restrain the impatience of her affection and joy; she rushed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a transport that can only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears. When this tender silence was past, the scruples of doubt were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented her to his son, with an apology for his conduct to them both.

MELISSA had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn; but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son,

with whom she shared many years that happiness which is the reward of virtue. They had several children, but none survived them; and MELISSA, upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.

NUMBER VI.

But wrapt in error is the human mind,
And human bliss is ever insecure.

Know ye what fortune yet remains behind?

Know ye how long the present shall endure?

ON HAPPINESS.

ON Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
name:

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,

O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wife:
Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels
yield,

Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain
our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere ;
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where :
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells
with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way ? The Learn'd
are blind ;

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease ;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n virtue vain ;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness ?

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave ;

All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning
well;

And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, "the universal cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what HAPPINESS we justly call,
Subsist, not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind,
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all pleasures sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from
hence

That such are happier, shocks all common
sense.

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,

If all are equal in their happiness :
But mutual wants this happiness increase ;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king ;
In who obtain defence, or who defend ;
In him who is, or him who finds a friend :
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the
whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest ?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
But heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in
fear ;
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.

Oh ! sons of earth : attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.

NUMBER VII.

Place me, where never summer breeze
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year :
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly
smiles.

FRANCIS.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions ; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves ; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds and diseases. But the negative infelicity, which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished by their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion; but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her, with her parents, to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tale of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer. She used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise;

in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, " that she was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme on the mountains ; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the Morfe ; and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice ; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs ; or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals ; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of the Amaroc, and rescue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish, that " whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow ; and that in the land of souls, his scull might serve no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments ; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship ; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalising his courage: he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less, to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to this condescension; but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, confi-

“ der,” said Anningait, “ what thou hast re-
“ quired. How easy may my return be pre-
“ cluded by sudden frost, or unexpected fogs ;
“ then must the night be past without my Ajut.
“ We live not, my fair, in those fabled coun-
“ tries, which lying strangers so wantonly de-
“ scribe ; where the whole year is divided
“ into short days and nights ; where the same
“ habitation serves for summer and winter ;
“ where they raise houses in rows above the
“ ground ; dwell together from year to year,
“ with flocks of tame animals grazing in the
“ fields about them ; can travel at any time
“ from one place to another, through ways
“ inclosed with trees, or over walls raised up-
“ on the inland waters ; and direct their course
“ through wide countries, by the sight of
“ green hills or scattered buildings. Even
“ in summer, we have no means of crossing
“ the mountains, whose snows are never dis-
“ solved ; nor can remove to any distant re-
“ sidence, but in our boats coasting the
“ bays. Consider, Ajut, a few summer
“ days, and a few winter nights, and the life
“ of man is at an end. Night is the time of
“ ease and festivity, of revels and gaiety ; but
“ what will be the flaming lamp, the deli-
“ cious seal or the lost oil, without the smile
“ of Ajut ?”

The eloquence of Anningait was vain ; the maid continued inexorable ; and they parted, with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect ; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea side ; and, when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud, that he might return with plenty of skins and oil ; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing vessel ; and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavour-

ed to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gather moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing coat, a small boat and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, "that
" her lover might have hands stronger than the
" paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the
" feet of the rain-deer; that his dart might never
" err, and that his boat might never leak;
" that he might never stumble on the ice, nor
" faint in the water; that the seal might rush
" on his harpoon, and the wounded whale
" might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work, which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision

for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers, and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. "O life," says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall
" wretched man find thy resemblance, but in
" ice floating on the ocean! It towers on high;
" it sparkles from afar; while the storms
" drive, and the waters beat it; the sun melts
" it above, and the rocks shatter it below.
" What art thou, deceitful pleasure, but a
" sudden blaze streaming from the north, which
" plays a moment on the eye, mocks the tra-
" veller with the hopes of light, and then va-
" nishes for ever? What, love, art thou but a
" whirlpool, which we approach without
" knowledge of our danger, drawn on by im-
" perceptible degrees, till we have lost all
" power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed
" my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had
" yet not called her to the banquet, I was
" careless as the sleeping Morfe, I was merry
" as the fingers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did
" I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair,
" did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be
" faithful, my love; remember Anningait,
" and meet my return with the smile of
" virginity. I will chase the deer, I will

“ subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of
“ darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun.
“ In a few weeks I shall return prosperous
“ and wealthy; then shall the roe-fish and
“ the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and
“ hare shall cover thy couch; the tough
“ hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold;
“ and the fat of the whale illuminate thy
“ dwelling.”

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief, and animated his industry, found that they now had coasted the headland, and saw the whale spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chace and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngfuk, on his return from hunting. Norngfuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in child-birth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was

master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darknefs. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to receive no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngfuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and, by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise, that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her love was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and enquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much greater reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold, that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret, and Norngfuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngfuk. She intreated; she remonstrated; she wept, and raved: but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare; taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her love might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran, with all the impatience of affection, to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing boat, and they

expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their hut, and endeavoured to comfort her : but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach ; where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion that they were changed into stars ; others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapless maid departed ; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection,

he declares, that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

NUMBER VIII.

Love alters not for us his hard decrees.

THE BRIDAL BED.

It was a maid of low degree
Sat on her true love's grave,
And with her tears most piteously
The green turf she did lave ;
She strew'd the flow'r, she pluck'd the weed,
And showers of tears she shed :
" Sweet turf," she cry'd, " by fate decreed
To be my bridal bed !
" I've set thee, flow'r, for that the flow'r
Of manhood lyeth here ;
" And water'd thee with plenteous show'r
Of many a briny tear."
And still she cry'd, " Oh stay, my love !
" My true love, stay for me ;
" Stay till I've deck't my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee.

- " I pluck'd thee, weed, for that no weed,
" Did in his bosom grow ;
" But sweetest flow'rs, from virtue's seed,
" Did there spontaneous blow :
" But ah ! their beauteous tints no more
" Their balmy fragrance shed,
" And I must strew this meaner flow'r,
" To deck my bridal bed.
- " Sweet turf, thy green more green appears,
" Tears make thy verdure grow ;
" Then still I'll water thee with tears,
" That thus profusely flow.
" Oh stay for me, departed youth !
" My true-love, stay for me ;
" Stay till I've deck't my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee.
- " This is the flow'ry wreath he wove,
" To deck his bride, dear youth !
" And this the ring with which my love !
" To me did plight his troth ;
" And this dear ring I was to keep,
" And with it to be wed——
" But here, alas ! I sigh and weep,
" To deck my bridal bed."

A blithesome knight came riding by,
And, as the bright moon shone,

He saw her on the green turf lie,
And heard her piteous moan ;
For loud she cry'd, " Oh stay, my love !
" My true love, stay for me ;
" Stay till I've deck't my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee."

" Oh say," he cry'd, " fair maiden, say,
" What cause doth work thy woe,
" That on a cold grave thou dost lie,
" And fast thy tears o'erflow."
" Oh ! I have cause to weep for woe,
" For my true love is dead ;
" And thus, while fast my tears o'erflow,
" I deck my bridal bed.

" Be calm, fair maid," the knight replied,
" Thou art too young to die ;
" But go with me, and be my bride,
" And leave the old to figh"—
But still she cry'd, " Oh stay, my love !
" My true love, stay for me ;
" Stay till I've deck't my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee.

" Oh leave," he cried, " this grief so cold,
" And leave this dread despair ;
" And thou shalt flaunt in robes of gold,
" A lady rich and fair :

" Thou shalt have halls and castles fair :
" And when, sweet maid, we wed,
" Oh thou shalt have much costly gear,
" To deck thy bridal bed.

" Oh ! hold thy peace, thou cruel knight,
" Nor urge me to despair ;
" With thee my troth I will not plight,
" For all thy proffers fair :
" But I will die with my true love—
" My true love ! stay for me ;
" Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee.

" Thy halls and castles I despise,
" This turf is all I crave ;
" For all my hopes, and all my joys,
" Lie buried in this grave :
" I want not gold, nor costly gear,
" Now my true love is dead ;
" But with fading flow'r and scalding tear
" I deck my bridal bed."

" Oh ! be my bride, thou weeping fair,
" Oh ! be my bride, I pray ;

" And I will build a tomb most rare,
" Where thy true love shall lie :"

But still with tears she cry'd, " My love !
" My true love stay for me ;

“ Stay till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
“ And I will follow thee.

“ My love needs not a tomb so rare ;
“ In a green grave we’ll lie ;
“ Our carved works—these flow’rets fair ;
“ Our canopy—the sky.

“ Now go, fir knight, now go thy ways—
“ Full soon I shall be dead—

“ And then return, in some few days,
“ And deck my bridal bed ;

“ And strew the flow’r, and pluck the thorn,
“ And cleanse the turf, I pray ;

“ So may some hand thy turf adorn,
“ When thou in grave shalt lie.

“ But stay, oh thou whom dear I love !

“ My true love, stay for me ;

“ Stay till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
“ And I will follow thee.”

“ No, maid, I will not go my ways,

“ Nor leave thee here alone ;

“ Nor while despair upon thee preys,

“ Neglect my woeful moan :

“ But I will stay and share thy woe ;

“ My tears with thine I’ll shed ;

“ And help thee pluck the flow’r, to strew

“ O’er thy sad bridal bed.”

Now from the church came forth the priest,
His midnight jaunt was done,
And much the hapless maid he prest
To cease her piteous moan :

For still she cry'd, " Oh stay, my love !

" My true love, stay for me :

" Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,

" And I will follow thee."

" Oh ! kneel with me," he cry'd, " dear maid,

" Oh ! kneel in holy prayer ;

" Haply kind heaven may send thee aid,

" And sooth thy dread despair.

" I blame not heav'n," the maid reply'd,

" But mourn my true-love dead ;

" And on his green grave I will 'bide,

" For 'tis my bridal bed."

The hapless maid knelt down, for fear

That holy priest should blame ;

But still with every hallow'd prayer,

She sigh'd her true-love's name,

And softly cry'd, " Oh stay, my love !

" My true love, stay for me ;

" Stay till I've decked my bridal bed,

" And I will follow thee."

" Enough, enough, thou fore tried dear !"

The weeping knight exclaim'd ;

" Enough I've tried thee, matchless fair,
" And be the trial blam'd :
" I am thy love, thy own truelove,
" And I am come to wed ;
" Nor shall this turf thy green grave prove,
" Nor be thy bridal bed.

" I am a knight of noble name,
" And thou of low degree ;
" So like a shepherd poor I came,
" To prove thy constancy."

But she, with woe forlorn still cry'd,

" My true-love, stay for me ;
" Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee."

Again, " Enough, thou fore try'd maid !"

The knight in tears exclaim'd ;

" See at thy feet thy truelove laid,
" Of all his guile asham'd.
" Forgive me, maid—my love now prove—
" And let us instant wed ;
" And thou with tears of joy, my love,
" Shalt deck thy bridal bed.

" And art thou him !"—exclaim'd the maid ;
" And dost thou live ?"—she cry'd :

“ Too cruel love !”—she faintly said—
“ Then wrung his hand—and dy’d—
“ Stay,” cried the knight, all woe-begone,
“ Now stay, my love, for me ;
“ Stay till I’ve deck’d our bridal bed,
“ And I will follow thee.”

In vain the priest, with holy lore,
By turns did soothe and chide ;
The knight, distracted, wept full sore,
And on the green tuft dy’d—
And underneath (may heav’n them save !)
The lovers both were laid ;
And thus, in truth, the green-tuft grave
Became their bridal bed.

NUMBER IX.

Within the grass conceal’d a serpent lies.

As the view of public undertakings should be the public good, no foible that is prejudicial to society can be too trifling to be animadverted upon. I shall therefore, without any farther apology, lay before you one of the great-

est impediments to the pleasure of conversation; an artful manner of conveying keen reproaches and harsh satires, under the disguise of discoursing on general subjects, which seem quite foreign to any thing that may concern the company. Thus, instead of endeavouring to entertain each other with cheerful good humour, most conversations are carried on, as Hudibras says,

“ With words far bitterer than worm-wood,

“ That would in Job or Grizzel stir mood.”

It is an old and a just observation, that no situation can well be less entertaining than that of a third person to lovers: Yet while decency is preserved, which is generally the case before marriage, and by sensible well-bred people, afterwards; even in this situation, the mind that is stored with any images of its own, may amuse itself; and the heart that is fraught with any good nature, may find some satisfaction in considering the pleasure which the fond lovers enjoy in the company of each other. But from the uneasiness of being a third person to QUARRELLERS, there is no relief: Your own thoughts are broke in upon by the jarring discord of your companions; and they will neither contribute to your entertainment, nor

even suffer you to retain the tranquillity of your own bosom.

Amongst the vulgar, where the men vent their passions by swearing, and the women by scolding or crying, their quarrels are generally soon made up; nor does any danger remain after reconciliation. But in higher life, where such efforts are restrained by good breeding, and where people have learned to disguise, not to subdue their passions, an inveterate rancour often lies corroding in the breast, and generally produces all the effects of inexorable malice.

People consider not, that by family repar-tees and oblique reflections on each side, the very inmost secrets of their lives are disclosed to their common acquaintance; and that they oftentimes inconsiderately lay open to their worst enemies, faults and imperfections in themselves and their relations, which they would take pains to conceal from their dearest friends.

To give you a full idea of what I mean, I send you a history of my life and adventures for one day; and I wish I could say it was the only one in which I have been witness to such disagreeable scenes as are here represented.

In the morning I breakfasted with two young ladies. Miss HARRIET the elder sister was about the age of nineteen, and Miss FANNY the youngest not quite seventeen. Their parents are able amply to provide for them; and have spared no cost in masters of every kind, in order to give them all fashionable female accomplishments. Ever since they have quitted the nursery, they have been indulged in seeing their own company in Miss HARRIET's dressing-room, which is finished and adorned with great elegance of taste and profusion of expence. They are both possessed of no small share of beauty, with so much quickness of apprehension and ready wit, as might, if rightly applied, render them extremely entertaining. Not one real misfortune can they have yet met with, to sour their tempers or suppress their vivacities: Yet I could plainly see, that they were very far from being happy, and that their unhappiness arose from their continual bickerings with each other. After breakfast, Miss FANNY took up a volume of Shakespear's plays that lay in the window, and out of the Midsummer Night's Dream, read the following part of a speech which Helena makes to her friend Hermia, in the third act:

“ Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid !
“ Have you contrived, have you with these con-
“ trived
“ To bait me with this foul derision ?
“ Is all the council that we two have shared,
“ The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,
“ When we have chid the hasty footed-time
“ For parting us ; O ! and is all forgot ?”

Then, laying down the book, with the tears half starting from her eyes, she looked earnestly at her sister, and in a tone more theatrical than I wish to hear off the stage, cried out,
“ Oh ! wretched Helena, unhappy maid ! I
“ wonder not that in your circumstances you
“ imagined that every word was intended
“ as an insult ; since no doubt you had often
“ experienced such inhuman treatment.”
Miss HARRIET with some warmth answered,
“ You should remember, SISTER, that Helena
“ was a foolish weak girl, fond of a man who
“ despised her ; and it was kind of any body
“ to endeavour to cure her of such a mean-
“ spirited passion.”

FANNY. 'Tis always cruel, SISTER, to insult the wretched.

HARRIET. Those that are miserable by their own folly, MISS FANNY, will call every thing

insult and reproach, that tends not to soothe and encourage them in a silly passion.

FANNY. If love is a silly passion, Miss HARRIET, I know some mighty wise people that have felt its power.

HARRIET. I don't say love is a silly passion, where it is properly placed: But I know, MADAM, that a headstrong young girl will always be angry with every one that advises her for her own good.

FANNY. And I know also MADAM—

As soon as the affectionate name of sister was dropped, and the ceremony of Miss supplied its place, I even then began to fear, lest ceremony would also undergo the same fate, and that passion at last would introduce open rudeness: but the word Madam doubly retorted, no sooner reached my ears, than, trembling for the event, I interrupted the dialogue by taking my leave; and I doubt not but any one from this sketch may easily be able to paint in what manner these young ladies pass most of their hours together.

From hence I went to visit three cousins, who although they had moderate independent fortunes, yet had for some years lived together as one family. They were women of an obscure and low education, but commonly re-

puted good-natured. I took it for granted, therefore, that I should meet with some harmony amongst them : but by their conversation I soon found, that they continued under the same roof, for no other reason, but because each fancied herself obliged to it she knew not why, and could not tell how to extricate herself from imaginary chains.

Whatever conversation I began with a design of amusing them, was interrupted by their all talking at once upon the subject which seemed uppermost in their minds ; and proving to a demonstration, that one person could live by herself much cheaper than with a companion ; and each separately declared, that she could live for a mere trifle, was it not for expensive connections. Then, running through every branch of house-keeping, each inveighed strongly against some article, which either she did not like, or from ill health could not enjoy, and which she knew also to be agreeable to her companions. This discourse was too vulgar as well as disagreeable to be long endured ; I therefore hastened off as fast as possible, and went to dinner, where the family consisted of an old gentleman and lady, their two daughters, and two young gentlemen, who, I soon found, were the intended lovers of the

young ladies, By intended lovers, I mean they were young gentlemen, whose fortunes and characters were agreeable to the parents; and the design of this interview was for the young people to see whether they were agreeable to each other. I now expected the highest scene of cheerfulness and good-humour; for on such occasions both gentlemen and ladies generally dress themselves in their best looks and their best humour, as certainly as in their best and most becoming clothes. The two gentlemen, I soon perceived, had made a separate choice; but unfortunately the two ladies were both bent on the conquest of the same man; to compass which, their features and persons, through affectation, were thrown into a thousand distortions. From an envious fear of each other's success, lowring suspicion sat upon their brows; and their eyes, which were naturally piercing, darted forth such malignant glances at each other, that they lost all their beauty, and, from being turned so many ways at once, looked as if they squinted. Their whole discourse consisted of sharp reflections against coquetry; each insinuating in pretty intelligible terms, that the other was a finished coquette: and indeed they spared not, in an indirect manner, to accuse each

other of every ill quality in human nature. How this recommended them to their lovers, I know not; but it made their company, partly through compassion, and partly through indignation, so unpleasant to me, that as soon as I could, consistent with civility, I took my leave, and closed this agreeable day with a married couple, the motive of whose coming together was said to be love, for no other could well be assigned for it. They had been married some years, but had no children; which I soon found was no small grief to the husband, by his talking in raptures of every prattling child he had met with abroad; to which the wife always answered, that she was sick of hearing of nothing but the monkey tricks of a parcel of senseless brats. As they were both people of tolerable understanding, and were said to be very fond of reading, I endeavoured to turn the discourse into another channel, which was pretty easily done, and they with great readiness entered into a conversation on plays and books of amusement. But here, again, not a single character could be mentioned, without causing a warm dispute between the husband and wife: she most outrageously inveighed against every example of a kind and obliging wife, whose behaviour,

she said, was the effect of a paltry meanness of spirit; while he burst out in raptures of the happiness of every libertine, who was not bound by the uneasy fetters of matrimony. Both had some poetical passage ready to repeat in support of their decisions; and their eyes were alternately cast towards me, as claiming my approbation.

Could I possibly want to be farther informed of their private history? Or can I claim to myself any peculiar penetration, for saying that Mr. B—— is grown sick of his wife, and is a man of pleasure and intrigue; and that she leads him a weary life from suspicion of his amours, being resolved not to incur that censure of mean-spiritedness, which she cast on every character that exemplified any degree of patience and acquiescence towards a husband? Nay, without the least spark of divination, I will venture to foretel, that Mr. B——, driven from his own house by the petulance and clamours of his wife, will spend most of his time with some favourite courtesan, whose interest it is to engage him by cheerfulness and good-humour: and that Mrs. B——, piqued at the neglect of her charms, may possibly revenge the inconstancy of her husband, by sacrificing her own virtue and honour.

NUMBER X.

All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.

COLMA.

'Tis night : and on the hill of storms
Alone doth Colma stray :
While round her shriek fantastic forms
Of ghosts that hate the day.

O'er rocks the torrent roars amain,
The whirlwind's voice is high ;
To save her from the wind and rain,
No friendly shelter nigh !

Rise, moon ! kind stars ! appear a while ;
And guide me to the place,
Where rests my love, o'ercome with toil,
And wearied with the chase.

Some light ! direct me, helpless maid !
Where, sitting on the ground,
His bow unstrung is near him laid,
His panting dogs around.

Else by the rock, the stream beside,
I here must sit me down ;
While howls the wind, and roars the tide,
My lover's call to drown.

Ah ! why, my Salgar, this delay ?
Where stray thy ling'ring feet ?
Didst thou not promise in the day,
Thy love at night to meet ?

Here is the rock, and here the tree,
Thine own appointed spot ;
Thy promise canst thou break with me ?
And is my love forgot ?

For thee I'd dare my brother's pride ;
My father's house would fly :
For thee forsake my mother's side,
With thee to live and die.

Be hush'd, ye winds ! how loud ye bawl !
Stream ! stand a moment still ;
Perhaps my love may hear me call,
Upon the neighbouring hill.

Ho ! Salgar ! Salgar ! mend thy pace ;
To Colma haste away.
'Tis I, and this th' appointed place :
Ah ! wherefore this delay ?

Kind moon ! thou giv'st a friendly light ;
And lo ! the glassy stream,
And the grey rocks, through dusky night,
Reflect thy silver beam.

Yet I descry not Salgar's form ;
No dogs before him run.—
Shall I not perish by the storm,
Before to-morrow's sun ?

But what behold I, on the heath ?
My love ! my brother ! laid—
O speak, my friends ! nor hold your breath,
T'affright a trembling maid.

They answer not ; they sleep ; they're dead—
Alas ! the horrid fight—
Here lie their angry swords, still red,
And bleeding from the fight.

Ah ! wherefore lies, by Salgar slain,
My brother bleeding here ?
Why Salgar murder'd on the plain,
By one to me so near !

Friends of my choice ! how lov'd were both !
Who now your fame shall raise ?
Who sing my lover's plighted troth ;
My brother's song of praise ?

Of thousands lovely, Salgar's face
Was loveliest to the fight :
Renown'd my brother for the chase,
And terrible in fight.

Sons of my love ! speak once again——
Ah no ! ——to death a prey,
Silent they are, and must remain ;
For cold their breasts of clay.

But are their fleeting spirits fled
Across the plain so soon ?
Or shun the shadows of the dead
The glimpses of the moon ?

Speak, where on rock, or mountain grave,
Still clash your souls of fire,
Or reconcil'd, in some dark cave
Your peaceful ghosts retire.

Ah ! where her friends shall Colma find ?
Hark !——No——they're silent still——
No muttering answer brings the wind :
No whisper o'er the hill.

Fearless, yet overwhelm'd with grief,
I sit all night in tears ;
Hopeless of comfort or relief,
When morning light appears.

Yet raise, ye friends of these the dead,
On this sad spot their tomb;
But close not up their narrow bed;
Till hapless Colma come.

For why behind them should we stay,
Whose life is now a dream?
Together here our corse lay,
Beside the murmuring stream.

So shall my shivering ghost be seen,
Lamenting o'er the slain;
As homeward hies the hunter keen,
Benighted on the plain.

Yet, shall he fearless, pass along,
And lend his listening ear:
For sweet, though sad, shall be my song,
For friends I lov'd so dear.

NUMBER XI.

While dangers hourly round us rise,
No caution guards us from surprise.

FRANCIS.

CHARLOTTE and MARIA were educated together at an eminent boarding-school near London: There was little difference in their age; and their personal accomplishments were equal. But though their families were of the same rank, yet, as CHARLOTTE was an only child, she was considerably superior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, CHARLOTTE was addressed by Captain FREEMAN, who, besides his commission in the guards, had a small paternal estate: but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the CAPTAIN was desired to forbear his visits, and the lady to think of him no more. After some fruitless struggles, they acquiesced; but the discontent of both was so apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miss into the country. She was sent to her aunt, the

Lady MEADOWS, who, with her daughter, lived retired at the family seat, more than one hundred miles distant from the metropolis. After she had repined in this dreary solitude from April to August, she was surpris'd with a visit from her father, who brought with him SIR JAMES FORREST, a young gentleman who had just succeeded to a baronet's title, and a very large estate, in the same country. SIR JAMES had good-nature and good sense, an agreeable person, and an easy address: Miss was insensibly pleas'd with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object: a desire to be deliver'd from a state of dependence and obscurity, had almost absorb'd all the rest; and it is no wonder that this desire was gratified, when scarce any other was felt; or that in compliance with the united solicitations of her friends and her lover, she suffer'd herself within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevail'd upon her aunt to accompany them, that Miss MEADOWS, with whom the bride had contracted an intimate friendship, might be gratified with the diversions of the town during the winter.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN, when he heard that Miss CHARLOTTE was married, immediately made proposals of marriage to MARIA, with whom he became acquainted during his visits to her friend, and soon after married her.

The friendship of the two young ladies seemed to be rather increased than diminished by their marriage; they were always of the same party both in the private and public diversions of the season, and visited each other without the formalities of messages and dress.

But neither Sir JAMES nor Mrs. FREEMAN could reflect without uneasiness upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his mistress, whom force only had divided: and though of these interviews they were themselves witnesses, yet Sir JAMES insensibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. FREEMAN of her husband.

It happened, in the May following, that Sir JAMES went about ten miles out of town to be present at the election of a member of parliament for the county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair and visited Mrs. FREEMAN: the rest of the company went away early, the Captain was upon guard, Sir JAMES

was out of town, and the two ladies after supper sat down to piquet, and continued the game without once reflecting upon the hour, till three in the morning. Lady FORREST would then have gone home : but Mrs. FREEMAN, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary desire, importuned her to stay till the CAPTAIN came in ; and at length with some reluctance she consented.

About five, the CAPTAIN came home ; and Lady FORREST immediately sent out for a chair. A chair, as it happened, could not be procured : But a hackney-coach being brought in its stead, the CAPTAIN insisted upon waiting on her ladyship home. This she refused with some emotion ; it is probable that she still regarded the CAPTAIN with less indifference than she wished, and was therefore more sensible of the impropriety of his offer : But her reasons for rejecting it, however forcible, being such as she could not allege, he persisted ; and her resolution was overborne. By this importunate complaisance, the CAPTAIN had not only thrown Lady FORREST into confusion, but displeased his wife : she could not, however, without unpoliteness, oppose it ; and lest her uneasiness should be discovered, she affected a negligence which in some degree revenged it. She

desired that when he came back he would not disturb her, for that she should go directly to bed ; and added, with a kind of drowsy insensibility, " I am more than half asleep already."

Lady FORREST and the CAPTAIN were to go from the Haymarket to Grosvenor Square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach ; the morning was remarkably fine ; the late contest had shaken off all disposition to sleep ; and Lady FORREST could not help saying, that she had much rather take a walk in the Park than go home to bed. The CAPTAIN zealously expressed the same sentiment, and proposed that the coach should set them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the same objections against being seen in the Mall without any other company than the CAPTAIN, that she had against its being known, that they were alone together in a hackney-coach : she, therefore, to extricate herself from this second difficulty, proposed that they should call at her father's in Bond-street, and take her cousin MEADOWS, whom she knew to be an early riser, with them. This project was immediately put in execution ; but Lady FORREST found her cousin indisposed with a cold. When she had communicated the design of this early visit to Miss

MEADOWS, she intreated her to give up her walk in the Park, to stay till the family rose, and go home after breakfast; "No," replied Lady FORREST, "I am determined upon a walk; but as I must first get rid of Captain FREE-MAN, I will send down word that I will take your advice." A servant was accordingly dispatched to acquaint the Captain, who was waiting below, that Miss MEADOWS was indisposed, and had engaged Lady FORREST to breakfast.

The CAPTAIN discharged the coach; but being piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of spirits which usually returns with the morning, even to those who have not slept in the night, he had no desire to go home, and therefore resolved to enjoy the fine morning in the park alone.

Lady FORREST, not doubting but that the CAPTAIN would immediately return home, congratulated herself upon her deliverance; but at the same time, to indulge her desire of a walk, followed him into the park.

The CAPTAIN had reached the top of the Mall; and turning back, met her before she had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment she perceived him, the remembrance of her message, the motives that

produced it, the detection of its falsehood, and discovery of its design, her disappointment and consciousness of that very situation which she had so much reason to avoid, all concurred to cover her with confusion, which it was impossible to hide: pride and good breeding were, however, still predominant over truth and prudence; she was still zealous to remove from the CAPTAIN's mind any suspicion of a design to shun him; and therefore, with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who smiles upon the rack, she affected an air of gaiety, said she was glad to see him, and as an excuse for her message and her conduct, prattled something about the fickleness of woman's mind, and concluded with observing, that she changed her's too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impossible; and they walked together till between eight and nine: But the clouds having insensibly gathered, and a sudden shower falling just as they reached Spring Gardens, they went out instead of going back: And the CAPTAIN having put the lady into a chair, took his leave.

It happened that Sir JAMES, contrary to his first purpose, had returned from his journey at night. He learnt from the servants, that

his lady was gone to Captain FREEMAN's, and was secretly displeased that she had made this visit when he was absent; an incident, which, however trifling in itself, was by the magic of jealousy swelled into importance: yet upon recollection he reproved himself for this displeasure, since the presence of the CAPTAIN's lady would sufficiently secure the honour of his own. While he was struggling with these suspicions, they increased both in number and strength in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed; but he passed the night in agonies of terror and resentment, doubting whether the absence of his lady was the effect of accident or design, listening to every noise, and bewildering himself in a multitude of extravagant suppositions. He rose again at break of day; and after several hours of suspense and irresolution, whether to wait the issue, or go out for intelligence, the restlessness of curiosity prevailed, and about eight he set out for Captain FREEMAN's; but left word with his servants, that he was gone to a neighbouring coffee-house.

Mrs. FREEMAN, whose affected indifference and dissimulation of a design to go immediately to bed, contributed to prevent the CAPTAIN's return, had during his absence suffered

inexpressible disquiet; she had indeed neither intention to go to bed, nor inclination to sleep; she walked backward and forward in her chamber, distracted with jealousy and suspense, till she was informed that Sir JAMES was below, and desired to see her. When she came down, he discovered that she had been in tears; his fear was now more alarmed than his jealousy; and he concluded that some fatal accident had befallen his wife: but he soon learned that she and the CAPTAIN had gone from thence at five in the morning, and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. FREEMAN, by Sir JAMES's inquiry, knew that his lady had not been at home: Her suspicions, therefore, were confirmed; and in her jealousy, which to prevent a duel she laboured to conceal, Sir JAMES found new cause for his own. He determined, however, to wait with as much decency as possible till the CAPTAIN came in; and perhaps two persons were never more embarrassed by the presence of each other. While breakfast was getting ready, Dr. TATTLE came to pay Mrs. FREEMAN a morning visit; and to the unspeakable grief both of the lady and her guest, was immediately admitted. Dr. TATTLE is one of those male gossips, who in the

common opinion are the most diverting company in the world. The Doctor saw that Mrs. FREEMAN was low-spirited, and made several efforts to divert her ; but without success. At last he declared with an air of ironical importance, that he could tell her such news as would make her look grave for something. " The " CAPTAIN," says he, " has just huddled a " lady into a chair, at the door of a bagnio " near Spring Gardens." He soon perceived that his speech was received with emotions very different from those he intended to produce ; and therefore added, " that she need not, " however, be jealous ; for notwithstanding " the manner in which he had related the incident, the lady was certainly a woman of " character, as he instantly discovered by her " mien and appearance : " This particular confirmed the suspicion it was intended to remove ; and the Doctor finding that he was not so good company as usual, took his leave ; but was met at the door by the CAPTAIN, who brought him back. His presence, however insignificant, imposed some restraint upon the company ; and Sir JAMES, with as good an appearance of jocularity as he could assume, asked the CAPTAIN, " what he had done with his wife." The CAPTAIN, with some irresolution,

replied, that " he had left her early in the morning at her father's ; and that having made a point of waiting on her home, she sent down word that her cousin MEADOWS was indisposed, and had engaged her to breakfast." The CAPTAIN, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the Doctor, judged by appearances that it was prudent thus indirectly to lie, by concealing the truth both from Sir JAMES and his wife. He supposed indeed, that Sir JAMES would immediately inquire after his wife at her father's, and learn that she did not stay there to breakfast ; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her absence as she thought fit, taking for granted, that what he had concealed she also would conceal, for the same reasons ; or, if she did not, as he had affirmed nothing contrary to truth, he might pretend to have concealed it in jest. Sir JAMES, as soon as he had received this intelligence, took his leave with some appearance of satisfaction, and was followed by the Doctor.

As soon as Mrs. FREEMAN and the CAPTAIN were alone, she questioned him with great earnestness about the lady whom he had been seen to put into a chair. When he had heard

that this incident had been related in the presence of Sir JAMES, he was greatly alarmed lest lady FORREST should increase his suspicions, by attempting to conceal that which, by a series of inquiry to which he was now stimulated, he would probably discover. He condemned this conduct in himself ; and, as the most effectual means at once to quiet the mind of his wife and obtain her assistance, he told her all that had happened, and his apprehension of the consequences : He also urged her to go directly to Miss MEADOWS, by whom his account would be confirmed, and of whom she might learn farther intelligence of Sir JAMES ; and to find some way to acquaint Lady FORREST with her danger, and admonish her to conceal nothing.

Mrs. FREEMAN was convinced of the CAPTAIN's sincerity, not only by the advice which he urged her to give to Lady FORREST, but by the consistency of the story, and the manner in which he was affected. Her jealousy was changed into pity for her friend, and apprehension for her husband. She hastened to Miss MEADOWS, and learned that Sir JAMES had inquired of the servant for his lady, and was told that she had been there early with Captain FREEMAN, but went away soon after

him: she related to Miss MEADOWS all that had happened; and thinking it at least possible that Sir JAMES might not go directly home, she wrote the following letter to his lady:

“ My dear Lady FORREST,

“ I am in the utmost distress for you. Sir
“ JAMES has suspicions which truth only can
“ remove, and of which my indiscretion is the
“ cause. If I had not concealed my desire of
“ the CAPTAIN’S return, your design to disen-
“ gage yourself from him, which I learn from
“ Miss MEADOWS, would have been effected.
“ Sir JAMES breakfasted with me in the Hay-
“ market, and has since called at your father’s;
“ from whence I write: He knows that your
“ stay here was short, and has reason to be-
“ lieve the CAPTAIN put you into a chair -
“ some hours afterwards at Spring Gardens.
“ I hope, therefore, my dear lady, that this
“ will reach your hands time enough to pre-
“ vent your concealing any thing. It would
“ have been better if Sir JAMES had known
“ nothing, for then you would not have been
“ suspected; but now he must know all, or
“ you cannot be justified. Forgive the free-

“ dom with which I write, and believe me,

“ most affectionately

“ Yours,

“ MARIA FREEMAN.

“ P. S, I have ordered the bearer to say he

“ came from Mrs. FASHION the milliner.”

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to say he brought it from the milliner's ; because, if it should be known to come from Mrs. FREEMAN, and should fall by accident into Sir JAMES's hands, his curiosity might prompt him to read it, and his jealousy to question the lady, without communicating the contents.

Sir JAMES being convinced, that his lady and the CAPTAIN had passed the morning at a bagnio, by the answer which he received at her father's, went directly home. His lady was just arrived before him, and had not recovered from the confusion and dread which seized her when she heard that Sir JAMES came to town the night before, and at the same instant anticipated the consequences of her own indiscretion. She was told he was then at the coffee-house, and in a few minutes was thrown

into an universal tremour, upon hearing him knock at the door. He perceived her distress, not with compassion but rage, because he believed it to proceed from the consciousness of guilt: He turned pale, and his lips quivered; but he so far restrained his passion as to ask her, "Where, and how she had passed the night." She replied, "At CAPTAIN FREEMAN'S; that the CAPTAIN was upon guard; that she sat up with his lady till he came in; and that then insisting to see her home, she would suffer the coach to go no farther than her father's, where he left her early in the morning." She had not fortitude to relate the sequel, but stopped with some appearance of irresolution and terror. Sir JAMES then asked, "If she came directly from her father's home," This question, and the manner in which it was asked, increased her confusion. To appear to have stopped short in her narrative, she thought, would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a desire of concealment: But the past could not be recalled; and she was impelled by equivocation to falsehood; from which, however, she would have been kept back by fear, if Sir JAMES had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no further than the neighbour-

hood. After these tumultuous reflections, which passed in a moment, she ventured to affirm, that "she staid with Miss MEADOWS "till eight, and then came home:" But she uttered this falsehood with such marks of guilt and shame, which she had indeed no otherwise incurred or deserved, that Sir JAMES no more doubted her infidelity than her existence. As her story was the same with that of the CAPTAIN's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and determining first to bring the CAPTAIN to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the house,

At the door he met the chairman who had been dispatched by Mrs. FREEMAN to his lady: and fiercely interrogating him, what was his business, the man produced the letter; and saying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. FASHION, Sir JAMES snatched it from him, and muttering some expressions of contempt and resentment, thrust it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir JAMES did not find the CAPTAIN at home; he therefore left a billet, in which he requested to see him at a

neighbouring tavern; and added, that he had put on his sword.

In the mean time, his lady, dreading a discovery of the falsehood which she had asserted, dispatched a billet to Captain FREEMAN; in which she conjured him as a man of honour, for particular reasons, not to own to Sir JAMES or any other person, that he had seen her after he had left her at her father's: She also wrote to her cousin MEADOWS, intreating, that if she was questioned by Sir JAMES, he might be told that she stayed with her till eight o'clock, an hour at which only herself and the servants were up.

The billet to Miss MEADOWS came soon after the chairman had returned with an account of what had happened to the letter; and Mrs. FREEMAN was just gone in great haste, to relate the accident to the CAPTAIN, as it was of importance that he should know it before his next interview with Sir JAMES: but the captain had been at home before her, and had received both Sir JAMES's billet and that of his lady. He went immediately to the tavern; and, inquiring for Sir JAMES FOREST, was shewn into a back-room up one pair of stairs: Sir JAMES received his salutation without reply, and instantly bolted the door.

His jealousy was complicated with that indignation and contempt which a sense of injury from a person of inferior rank never fails to produce ; he therefore demanded of the CAPTAIN in a haughty tone, " Whether he had " not that morning been in company with his " wife, after he had left her at her father's?" The CAPTAIN, who was incensed at Sir JAMES's manner, and deemed himself engaged in honour to keep the lady's secret, answered, that " after what he had said in the morning, no " man had a right to suppose he had seen the " lady afterwards ; that to insinuate the contrary, was obliquely to charge him with a " falsehood ; that he was bound to answer no " such questions, till they were properly explained ; and that as a gentleman he was " prepared to vindicate his honour." Sir JAMES justly deemed this reply an equivocation and an insult ; and being no longer able to restrain his rage, he cursed the CAPTAIN as a liar and a scoundrel, and at the same time striking him a violent blow with his fist, drew his sword and put himself in a posture of defence. Whatever design the CAPTAIN might have had to bring his friend to temper, and reconcile him to his wife, when he first entered the room, he was now equally en-

raged, and indeed had suffered equal indignity; he therefore drew at the same instant, and after a few desperate passes on both sides, he received a wound in his breast, and reeling backward a few paces, fell down.

THE noise had brought many people to the door of the room; and it was forced open just as the CAPTAIN had received his wound: Sir JAMES was secured, and a messenger was dispatched for a surgeon. In the mean time, the CAPTAIN perceived himself to be dying; And whatever before might have been his opinion of right and wrong, and honour and shame, he now thought all dissimulation criminal, and that his murderer had a right to that truth which he thought it meritorious to deny him when he was his friend: He therefore earnestly desired to speak a few words to him in private. This request was immediately granted; the persons who had rushed in withdrew, contenting themselves to keep guard at the door; and the CAPTAIN, beckoning Sir JAMES to kneel down by him, then told him, "that however his lady might have been surprised or betrayed by pride or fear into dissimulation or falsehood, she was innocent of the crime which he supposed her solicitous to conceal." He then briefly related

all the events as they had happened; and at last, grasping his hand, urged him to escape from the window, that he might be a friend to his widow and to his child, if its birth should not be prevented by the death of its father. Sir JAMES yielded to the force of this motive, and escaped as the CAPTAIN had directed. In his way to Dover, he read the letter which he had taken from the chairman, and the next post inclosed it in the following to his lady.

“ My dear CHARLOTTE,

“ I am the most wretched of all men; but
“ I do not upbraid you as the cause: Would
“ to God that I were not more guilty than
“ you! We are the martyrs of dissimulation.
“ By dissimulation, dear CAPTAIN FREEMAN
“ was induced to waste those hours with you,
“ which he would otherwise have enjoyed
“ with the poor unhappy dissembler his wife.
“ Trusting in the success of dissimulation,
“ you was tempted to venture into the park,
“ where you met him whom you wished to
“ shun. By detecting dissimulation in the
“ CAPTAIN, my suspicions were increased;
“ and by dissimulation and falsehood, you

“ confirmed them. But your dissimulation
“ and falsehood were the effects of mine ;
“ your’s were ineffectual, mine succeeded :
“ For I left word that I was gone no further
“ than the coffee-house, that you might not
“ suspect I had learned too much to be de-
“ ceived. By the success of a lie put into the
“ mouth of a chairman, I was prevented
“ from reading a letter which at last would
“ have undeceived me ; and by persisting in
“ dissimulation, the CAPTAIN has made his
“ friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow.
“ Thus does insincerity terminate in misery
“ and confusion, whether in its immediate
“ purpose it succeeds, or is disappointed. O
“ my dear CHARLOTTE ! if ever we meet a-
“ gain, —to meet again in peace is impossi-
“ ble, —but if ever we meet again, let us
“ resolve to be sincere : To be sincere is to
“ be wise, innocent and safe. We venture
“ to commit faults which shame or fear would
“ prevent, if we did not hope to conceal them
“ by a lie. But in the labyrinth of falsehood,
“ men meet those evils which they seek to
“ avoid ; and as in the strait path of truth
“ alone they can see before them, in the
“ strait path of truth alone they can pursue
“ felicity with success. Adieu ! I am——

“dreadful !—I can subscribe nothing that
“does no reproach and torment me.—A-
“dieu !”

Within a few weeks after the receipt of
this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her
husband was cast away in his passage to France.

NUMBER XII.

Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years.

ON THE PURSUITS OF LIFE.

HONOUR and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made ;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
“What differ more (you cry) than crown and
cowl ?”

I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch act the monk,
Or cobbler like, the parson will be drunk,

Worth makes the man, and want of it, the
fellow ;

The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
strings !

That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,

In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :

But by your father's worth if your's you rate,

Count me those only who were good and great.

Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood

Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,

Go ! and pretend your family is young ;

Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?

Alas ! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS

Look next on greatness ; say, where great-
ness lies.

“ Where, but among the Heroes and the wise !”

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,

Or make, an enemy of all mankind !

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,

Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.

No less alike the politic and wise ;

All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes :

Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,

Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can
cheat ;

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great :
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains ;
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates ; that man is great indeed.

What's fame? A fancy'd life in others breath ;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's un-
known,

The same (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
To all beside as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead ;
Alike, or when, or where, they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave ;
When what t'oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;

Plays round the head, but comes not to the
heart :

One self approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?

'Tis but to know how little can be known ;

To see all others faults, and feel our own :

Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,

Without a second, or without a judge :

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?

All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view

Above life's weakness, and its comforts too,

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;

Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount ;

How much of other, each is sure to cost,

How each for other oft is wholly lost ;

How inconsistent greater goods with these ;

How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :

Think, and if still the things thy envy call,

Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they
fall ?

To fight for ribbands, if thou art so silly,

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?

Look but on Grippus, or on Grippus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame !
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

NUMBER XIII.

If there be ought of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CROMA.

It was the voice of my love ! seldom art
thou in the dreams of Malvina ! Open your
airy halls, fathers of Toscar of shields ! Un-
fold the gates of your clouds : The steps of
Malvina are near. I have heard a voice in
my dream. I feel the fluttering of my soul.
Why didst thou come, O blast ! from the dark
rolling face of the lake ? Thy rustling wing
was in the tree ; the dream of Malvina fled.

But she beheld her love, when his robe of mist flew on the wind. A sun-beam was on his skirts; they glittered like the gold of the stranger. It was the voice of my love; seldom comes he to my dreams!

But thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina, son of mighty Ossian! my sighs arise with the beams of the East; my tears descend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree, in thy presence, Oscar! with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low. The Spring returned with its showers; no leaf of mine arose! The virgins saw me silent in the hall: they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina; the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou sad, they said, thou first of the maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and stately in thy sight.

Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards, in the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth*. When thou didst return from the chase, in the day of the Sun, thou hast heard the music of bards, and thy song

* Mor'uth, great stream.

is lovely. It is lovely, O Malvina! but it melts the soul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breast of the sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful, O daughter of Toscar; and their days are few! They fall away, like the flower on which the sun hath looked in his strength, after the mildew has passed over it, when its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the tale of Ossian, O maid! He remembers the days of his youth!

The King commanded; I raised my sails; and rushed into the bay of Croma; into Croma's founding bay, in lovely Inisfail†. High on the coast arose the towers of Crothar, King of Spears; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth; but age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar had raised the sword against the hero; and the wrath of Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Rothmar in war; for the Chief of Croma was the friend of his youth. I sent the bard before me with songs. I came into the hall of Crothar. There sat the Chief amidst the arms of his fathers; but his eyes had failed. His grey locks waved around a staff, on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the songs.

† One of the ancient names of Ireland

of other times, when the sound of our arms reached his ears. Crothar rose, stretched his aged hand, and blessed the son of Fingal.

Ossian ! said the hero, the strength of Crothar's arms has failed. O could I lift the sword as in the day that Fingal fought at Strutha ! He was the first of men ! but Crothar had also his fame. The King of Morven praised me ; he placed on my arm the bossy shield of Calthar, whom the King had slain in his wars. Dost thou not behold it on the wall, for Crothar's eyes have failed ! Is thy strength like thy father's, Ossian ? Let the aged feel thine arm !

I gave my arm to the King ; he felt it with his aged hands ; the sigh rose in his breast, and his tears came down. Thou art strong, my son, (he said) ; but not like the King of Morven ! But who is like the hero among the mighty in war ! Let the feast of my hall be spread ; and let my bards exalt the song. Great is he that is within my walls, ye sons of echoing Croma ! The feast is spread ; the harp is heard ; and joy is in the hall. But it was joy covering a sigh, that darkly dwelt in every breast. It was like the faint beam of the moon spread on a cloud in heaven. At length the music ceased ; and the aged King of

Croma spoke: He spoke without a tear, but sorrow swelled in the midst of his voice.

Son of Fingal ! beholdest thou not the darkness of Crothar's joy ? My soul was not sad at the feast, when my people lived before me. I rejoiced in the presence of strangers, when my son shone in the hall. But Ossian, he is a beam that is departed. He left no streak of light behind. He is fallen, son of Fingal ! in the wars of his father. Rothmar, the chief of grassy Tromlo, heard that these eyes had failed ; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his soul arose ! He came towards Croma ; my people fell before him. I took my arms in my wrath ; but what could fightless Crothar do ? My steps were unequal ; my grief was great. I wished for the days that were past. Days ! wherein I fought and won in the field of blood. My son returned from the chase ; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo *. He had not lifted his sword in battle, for his arm was young. But the soul of the youth was great ; the fire of valour burnt in his eyes. He saw the disordered steps of his father ; and his sigh arose. King of Croma, he said ; is it because thou hast no son ; is it for the weakness of Fovar-

* Facshar-gorm, the blue point of steel.

gormo's arm, that thy sighs arise? I begin, my father, to feel my strength. I have drawn the sword of my youth; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the sons of Croma: Let me meet him, O my father! I feel my burning soul. And thou shalt meet him, I said, son of the fightless Crothar! But let others advance before thee, that I may hear the tread of thy feet at thy return; for my eyes behold thee not, fair-haired Fovar-gormo!

He went; he met the foe; he fell. Rothmar advances to Croma. He who slew my son is near, with all his pointed spears.

This is no time to fill the shell, I replied; and took my spear! My people saw the fire of my eyes; they all rose around. Through night we strode along the heath. Grey morning rose in the East. A green narrow vale appeared before us; nor wanting was it in green winding streams. The dark host of Rothmar are on its banks, with all their glittering arms. We fought along the vale. They fled. Rothmar sunk beneath my sword! Day had not descended in the West, when I brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them with his hands; and joy brightened over all his thoughts.

The people gather to the hall. The shells of the feast are heard. Ten harps are strung; five bards advance, and sing by turns the praise of Ossian. They poured forth their burning souls; and the string answered to their voice. The joy of Croma was great; for peace returned to the land. The night came on with silence; the morning returned with joy. No foe came in darkness, with his glittering spear. The joy of Croma was great; for the gloomy Rothmar had fallen!

I raised my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they laid the chief in earth. The aged Crothar was there, but his sigh was not heard. He searched for the wound of his son, and found it in his breast. Joy rose in the face of the aged. He came and spoke to Ossian. King of Spears! he said; my son has not fallen without his fame. The young warrior did not fly; but met death, as he went forward in his strength. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall, nor smile at their trembling hands. Their memory shall be honoured in song; the young tear of the virgin will fall: But the aged wither away by degrees; the fame of their youth while yet they live, is all forgotten.

They fall in secret. The sigh of their son is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; the stone of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is around them.

NUMBER XIV.

For nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

ODE TO WOMEN.

YE Virgins ! fond to be admir'd,
With mighty rage of conquest fir'd,
And universal sway ;
Who heave th' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
On all the circle gay !

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend ?
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover, or a friend.

VOL. I.

Q

If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,

You may be called divine :

But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,

“ O were that maiden mine !”

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,

Your magazine of arms ;

But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,

The whispering hour, the tender talk,

That gives your genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,

The smile, the native of the face,

Refinement without art ;

The eye where pure affection beams,

The tear from tenderness that streams,

The accents of the heart ;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,

Where, like the morning, blushes break

To crimson o'er the breast ;

The look where sentiment is seen,

Fine passions moving o'er the mien,

And all the soul exprest ;

Your beauties these ; with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world ;
Then to your court the nations flow ;
The Muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From Summer noon's meridian glow,
We turn our aking eye,
To Nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain all serene,
Of an Autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of Beauty's Queen,
Behold the Myrtle's modest green,
The Virgin of the grove !
Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye ;
See morning gradual paint the sky
With purple and with gold !
See spring approach with sweet delay !
See rosebuds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold

We love th' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chace,
And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of Beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends,
The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil is to reveal,
And to display is to conceal,
Mysterious are your laws!
The vision's finer than the view;
Her landscape Nature never drew
So fair as Fancy draws.

A beauty carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All Woman's charms were given;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, Heaven.

See Virgin Eve, with graces bland,
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam!
Fair on the river margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own ;
But artless Innocence alone
 Secures the heavenly post ;
For if, beneath an Angel's mien,
The Serpent's tortuous train is seen,
 Our Paradise is lost.

O Nature, Nature, thine the charm !
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
 Thy accents win the heart !
Parisian paint of every kind,
That stains the body or the mind,
 Proclaims the Harlot's art.

The midnight minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
 And woos the wood to hear ;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
 He charms the Lover's ear.

The Zone of Venus, heavenly-fine,
Is Nature's handy-work divine,
 And not the web of Art ;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
 The empire of the heart.

NUMBER XV.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

PERHAPS there is not any word in the language less understood than honour; and but few that might not have been equally mistaken, without producing equal mischief.

Honour is both a motive and an end: as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and therefore, necessarily includes it, as generosity includes justice: and as a reward, it can be deserved only by those actions which no other principle can produce. To say of another that he is a man of honour, is at once to attribute the principle, and to confer the reward. But in the common acceptance of the word, Honour, as a principle, does not include virtue; and therefore, as a reward, is frequently bestowed upon vice. Such indeed is the blindness and vassalage of human reason, that men are discouraged from virtue by the fear of shame, and incited to vice by the hope of honour.

Honour, indeed, is always claimed in specious terms ; but the facts upon which the claim is founded, are often flagitiously wicked. Lothario arrogates the character of a man of honour, for having defended a lady who had put herself under his protection, from insult at the risk of life ; and Aliator for fulfilling an engagement, to which the law would not have obliged him, at the expence of liberty. But the champion of the lady had first seduced her to adultery ; and to preserve her from the resentment of her husband, had killed him in a duel : And the martyr to his promise had paid a sum, which should have discharged the bill of a necessitous tradesman, to a gamester of quality who had given him credit at cards.

Such, in the common opinion, are men of honour ; and he who in certain circumstances should abstain from murder, perfidy, or ingratitude, would be avoided as reflecting infamy upon his company.

In these speculations I exhausted my waking powers a few nights ago ; and at length sinking into slumber, I was immediately transported into the regions of fancy.

As I was sitting pensive and alone at the foot of a hill, a man, whose appearance was extremely venerable, advanced towards me with

great speed; and, beckoning me to follow him, began hastily to climb the hill. My mind suddenly suggested, that this was the genius of Instruction: I therefore instantly rose up, and obeyed the silent intimation of his will: But not being able to ascend with equal rapidity, he caught hold of my hand, "Linger not," said he, "lest the hour of illumination be at an end." We now ascended together; and when we had gained the summit, he stood still. "Survey the prospect," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "To the right," replied, I "is a long valley, and on the left a boundless plain: at the end of the valley is a mountain that reaches to the clouds; and on the summit a brightness which I cannot yet steadfastly behold." In that valley, said he, the disciples of virtue press forward; and the votaries of vice wander on the plain. In the path of Virtue are many asperities: The foot is sometimes wounded by thorns, and sometimes bruised against a stone; but the sky over it is always serene; the traveller is refreshed by the breezes of health, and invigorated by the ray of cheerfulness. The plain is adorned with flowers, which gratify the sense with fragrance, and beauty; but the beauty is transient; and the

fragrance hurtful: The ground is soft and level; and the paths are so various, that the turf is no where worn away; but above is perpetual gloom; the sun is not seen, nor the breeze felt; the air stagnates, and pestilential vapours diffuse drowiness, lassitude and anxiety. At the foot of the mountain are the bowers of Peace, and on the summit is the temple of Honour.

But all the disciples of Virtue do not ascend the mountain: Her path indeed is continued beyond the bowers; and the last stage is the ascent of the precipice: To climb, is the voluntary labour of the vigorous and the bold; to desist, is the irreproachable repose of the timid and the weary. To those, however, who have surmounted the difficulties of the way, the gates of the temple have not always been opened; nor against those by whom it has never been trodden, have they always been shut: The declivity of the mountain on the other side is gradual and easy; and by the appointment of fate, the entrance of the temple of Honour has been always kept by Opinion. Opinion, indeed, ought to have acted under the influence of Truth; but was soon perverted by prejudice and custom: She admitted many who ascended the mountain

without labour from the plain, and rejected some who had toiled up the precipice in the path of Virtue. These, however, were not clamorous for admittance ; but either repined in silence, or, exulting with honest pride in the consciousness of their own dignity, turned from Opinion with contempt and disdain ; and smiled upon the world, which they had left beneath them, the witness of that labour of which they had been refused the reward.

But the crowd within the temple became discontented and tumultuous : The disciples of Virtue, jealous of an eminence which they had obtained by the utmost efforts of human power, made some attempts to expel those who had strolled negligently up the slope, and been admitted by Opinion to pollute the temple, and disgrace the assembly : Those whose right was disputed, were, however, all ready to decide the controversy by the sword ; and as they dreaded scarce any imputation but cowardice, they treated those with great insolence who declined this decision, and yet would not admit their claim.

This confusion and uproar was beheld by the Goddess with indignation and regret : She flew to the throne of Jupiter, and casting herself at his feet, “ Great ruler of the world,”

said she, " if I have erected a temple to fulfil
" the purposes of thy wisdom and thy love,
" to allure mortals up the steep of Virtue,
" and animate them to communicate happiness
" at the expence of life ; let it not be
" perverted to render vice presumptuous, nor
" possessed by those who dare to perish in
" the violation of thy laws, and the diffusion
" of calamity." Jupiter graciously touched
the Goddess with his sceptre, and replied,
" that the appointment of fate he could not
" reverse : that admission to her temple must
" still depend upon Opinion ; but that he
" would depute Reason to examine her conduct,
" and, if possible, put her again under
" the influence of Truth."

Reason, therefore, in obedience to the command of Jupiter, descended upon the mountain of Honour, and entered the temple. At the first appearance of Reason contention was suspended, and the whole assembly became silent with expectation : But the moment she revealed her commission, the tumult was renewed with yet greater violence. All were equally confident, that Reason would establish the determination of Opinion in their favour ; and he that spoke loudest, hoped to be first heard. Reason knew, that those only had a

right to enter the temple, who ascended by the path of Virtue ; to determine, therefore, who should be expelled or received, nothing more seemed necessary, than to discover by which avenue they had access : But Reason herself found this discovery, however easy in speculation, very difficult in effect.

The most flagitious affirmed, that if they had not walked the whole length of the valley, they came into it at the foot of the mountain ; and that at least the path by which they had ascended it, was the path of virtue. This was eagerly contradicted by others ; and, to prevent the tedious labour of deducing truth from a great variety of circumstances, opinion was called to decide the question.

But it soon appeared, that Opinion scarce knew one path from the other ; and that she neither determined to admit or refuse upon certain principles, or with discriminating knowledge. Reason, however, still continued to examine her ; and, that she might judge of the credibility of her evidence by the account she would give of a known character, asked her, which side of the mountain was ascended by the Macedonian who deluged the world with blood ? She answered without hesitation, “ the side of Virtue ; that she knew

“ she was not mistaken, because she saw him
“ in the path at a great distance, and remark-
“ ed that no man had ever ascended with such
“ impetuous speed.” As reason knew this
account to be false, she ordered Opinion to be
dismissed, and proceeded to a more particular
examination of the parties themselves.

Reason found the accounts of many to be
in the highest degree extravagant and absurd:
Some, as a proof of their having climbed the
path of Virtue, described prospects that ap-
peared from the opposite side of the moun-
tain; and others affirmed, that the path was
smooth and level, and that many had walked
it without stumbling when they were scarce
awake, and others when they were intoxicat-
ed with wine.

Upon the foreheads of all these, Reason im-
pressed a mark of reprobation: And as she
could not expel them without the concurrence
of Opinion, she delivered them over to Time, to
whom she knew Opinion had always paid
great deference, and who had generally been
a friend to Truth.

Time was commanded to use his influence
to procure their expulsion, and to persuade
Opinion to regulate her determinations by the
judgment of Truth. Justice also decreed,

that if she persisted to execute her office with negligence and caprice, under the influence of Prejudice, and in concurrence with the absurdities of Custom, she should be given up to Ridicule, a remorseless being, who rejoices in the anguish which he inflicts: By him alone Opinion can be punished; at the sound of his scourge she trembles with apprehension; and whenever it has been applied by the direction of Justice, Opinion has always become obedient to Truth.

Time, continued my instructor, still labours to fulfil the command of Reason: But though he has procured many to be expelled who had been admitted, yet he has gained admission for but few who had been rejected; and Opinion still continues negligent and perverse; for as she has often felt the scourge of Ridicule when it has not been deserved, the dread of it has no otherwise influenced her conduct, than by throwing her into such confusion, that the purposes of Reason are sometimes involuntarily defeated.

"How then," said I, "shall Honour distinguish those whom he wishes to reward?"
"They shall be distinguished," replied the visionary sage, "in the regions of Immortality; to which they will at length be conducted

“ by Time, who will not suffer them to be
“ finally disappointed.”

While I was listening to this reply with my eyes fixed stedfastly on the temple, it suddenly disappeared : The black clouds that hovered over the plain of Vice burst in thunder ; the hill on which I stood began to sink under me ; and the start of sudden terror, as I descended, awaked me.

In illustration of the foregoing allegory, I shall give some account of the life of my friend Eugenio.

Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour ; he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character : Religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe ; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles, he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thousand pounds *per annum* to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter : His wife died while they were infants. His younger brother,

who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country : He knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced ; and therefore took the expence of his nephew's education upon himself. After some years had been spent at Westminster school, he sent him to the university, and supported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine ; and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to consist only in romance. With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic : But I found it easy to obviate general objections ; and, as he had great penetration and sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he began to inquire : The evidence for Revelation at length appeared incontestible ; and without busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the pre-

cepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness, the same generosity and honour, were now exercised with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example: Our friendship increased every day; and I believe he had conceived a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town: For that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence repented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation.

When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject: His uncle not being able to produce any

effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude; and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared, that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland, whom he had never seen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himself, by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: His integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of dissimulation; he was extremely jealous of his authority; and there was a rough simplicity in his manner, which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His fa-

ther left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it, extended to the education of his son, by whom it was to be possessed, he had been taught neither politeness nor literature. He married a lady, whose influence would have polished the rough diamond by degrees; but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter, to whom he gave her name, Amelia, and transferred all his affection: He therefore continued to live in great privacy; and being used to have only servants and dependants about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour, without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those who mix in the company of persons, whom it is their apparent interest to please; and whose presence is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper, as would incur contempt by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty. As he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to complete her's; and she indeed is the most accomplished character I ever knew: her obe-

dience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade ; her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensibility ; and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increased with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not long be familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual esteem : The transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves ; and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen : As her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio were proportionably greater ; and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him ; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune. Sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure, and

sometimes with regret ; but while they were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity : And though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty ; yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, though he felt his passion for Amelia increase notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it ; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends when he wrote to his father and his sister.

When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent : But the pleasure of those interviews were become yet more tumultuous and confused ; and the lovers were both conscious, that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other.

Amelia had dismissed many suitors, who were not less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependence and poverty. The objections of duty might indeed have been removed by obtaining the consent of Agrestis; but those of honour would still have remained. He was not, however, absolutely without hope; for though he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father; yet as he had greatly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter; but neither asked nor suspected her motives: For he had always declared, that as he believed she would never marry without his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every day, without the least intimation of his love,

till the beginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister by the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now less frequent, and therefore more interesting: He feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduites of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: He did not, however, falter in his resolution; nor did Amelia change her conduct.

It happened that about this time she was addressed by Ventosus, the eldest son of a noble family; who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventosus, though he was strongly recommended by Agrestis, and was remarkable for personal accomplishments, was yet received with great coldness by Amelia: He was surprised, mortified, and disappointed; yet he continued his visits, and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening, just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual intreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventosus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he therefore supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment. These suspicions were every

moment confirmed and increased : For his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken ; though by a less penetrating eye, than that of jealousy they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with resentment and indignation ; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment ; and Ventofus told him with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged ; and that he could not help thinking himself ill treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning ; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper ; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventofus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival.

Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears : Her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventofus was not mistaken ; and, therefore, desisting from inquiry, he severely reprehended

ed her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested, that to prevent farther uneasiness, he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's displeasure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority, he might be tempted to abuse it. As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagement at another place: Agrestis however, as he had no conception of the principle upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no repentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride; that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture;

and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

A suspicion of ill will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he therefore treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character, which he always despised; he therefore retorted the neglect without expostulation: And thus all intercourse between the families was at an end.

Eugenio in the mean time was inflexible to his purpose; and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventofus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventofus again appealed to her father: But the old gentleman was steady in his principles, notwithstanding his resentment: and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which God and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice.

Ventofus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected : He soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia ; he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present ; and was willing to believe that his rival, however contemptible, had been too successful to be supplanted with honour by a husband : this however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate ; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addresses, and congratulated himself upon his escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventofus, as he was walking in the Mall with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company of several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult : Of this compliment, Amelia, though she looked him in the face, took no notice : By this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded ; he was stung by an effort of his own malignity ; and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent.

In this agitation of mind he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw Eugenio coming forward, who the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was observed by Ventofus, whose contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified. He communicated his design to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burst out into a horse laugh, and pushed so rudely by him, that he could scarce recover his step: they did not however go on; but stopping suddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident; and affecting great surprise at discovering to whom it had happened, Ventofus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult Eugenio answered, "That he was not willing
" to suppose that an affront was intended, and
" that if the lady he meant was a woman of
" honour, she ought always to be mentioned
with respect." Ventofus replied, " That

“ whether the lady he meant was a woman
“ of honour, he would not determine ; but
“ he believed she had been very kind ;
“ and was pleased to see that her favours
“ were not forgotten, though they were no
“ longer accepted.” Eugenio was not now
master of his temper ; but, turning suddenly up-
on Ventofus, struck him with such violence that
he fell at his feet : He rose however in an in-
stant, and laid his hand on his sword, but was
prevented from drawing it by his companion ;
and the crowd beginning to gather about
them, they parted with mutual expressions of
contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer who had been in
company with Ventofus at the quarrel, de-
livered a challenge to Eugenio, which he an-
swered by the following billet :

“ SIR,

“ Your behaviour last night has convinced
“ me that you are a scoundrel ; and your letter
“ this morning, that you are a fool. If I
“ should accept your challenge, I should my-
“ self be both. I owe a duty to God and to my
“ country, which I deem it infamous to vio-
“ late ; and I am intrusted with a life, which

“ I think cannot without folly be flaked against yours. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety; but remember, that to prevent assassination, I have a sword, and to chastise insolence, a cane.”

With this letter, the captain returned to Ventofus, who read it with all the extravagancies of rage and disdain: The captain, however, endeavoured to soothe and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this he said would be very easily accomplished. Ventofus at length acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend: and it was soon industriously reported, that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman, which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to find some pretence to dis-

miss him. The friends of Ventofus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was therefore a sufficient cause to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of his hand, by a law, which, though disused was still in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted; and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission.

He had concealed his quarrel with Ventofus from his father, who was then at the family seat about twenty miles from London; because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause: But the effect was such as could not be hidden; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He therefore set out immediately for the country; but his father at the same time arrived in London. Some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he

went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and excretions in a voice that was scarce human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the same day; but it was late before he arrived: the servant that opened the door, told him with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes swimming in tears: the moment he saw me, he threw himself into a chair; and putting a copy of his answer to Ventofus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I sat up the rest of the night, devising various arguments to con-

vince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his house; and after much sollicitation, was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the struggles of parental tenderness: but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the same subject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening; and, knocking softly at the servant's window, inquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father,

if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went ; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described : I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill, disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broken his heart.

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprize or emotion ; but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food ; till, his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat, that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave ; and hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in si-

lence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned: he was surprised, and I thought somewhat confounded, to see me, he suffered me, however, to lead him away; but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: He was indeed totally destitute, without money and without a profession; but he made no complaint and obstinately refused all pecuniary assistance.

In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India.

When he communicated this desperate enterprise, he appeared perfectly composed; "My dear friend," said he, "it has been always my point of honour, to obey the commands of God, the prime author of my being, and the ultimate object of my hope, at whatever risk; and I do not repent that I have steadily adhered to this

“ principle at the expence of all that is valuable upon earth: I have suffered the loss of fortune, of love, and of fame; but I have preserved my integrity, and I know that I shall not lose my reward. To these I would indeed add the esteem, though not the love of Amelia, She will hear of me as degraded and disinherited, a coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and her esteem, I think, I have sufficient reason to give up: grief will wound her deeper than contempt; it is therefore best, that she should despise me. Some of those by whom she is addressed, deserve her: And I ought not to withhold a felicity which I cannot enjoy. I shall embark to-morrow; and your friendly embrace is all the good that I expect to receive from this country, when I depart in search of others which are unknown.”

To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted, wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hast-

ed into the boat which waited to bring me on shore; and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms in the world.

Such is the friend I have lost? such is the man whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge; but none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

Agrestis, when he knew that the foregoing story was made public, wrote the following letter, giving an account of the sequel of it.

You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventosus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so, watching her pretty closely, I caught her last Saturday was se'nnight almost drowned in tears with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an instant; and putting on my spectacles began to read, with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased; and when I had looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that she was by some means deeply

interested in the story, which indeed appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In short, I pressed her so home upon the subject, that she put the other two papers into my hand; and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerness; though, to confess a truth, I could scarce see the three last pages. Odds-my-life, thinks I, what an honest fellow this Eugenio is! and leering up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kissed her: but I did not tell what I had in my head: However, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The Doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin, and told me with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. "Em-my," says I, "the Captain was always in my opinion a worthy man; and when I

“ had reason to believe you liked him, I did
“ not resolve to part you because he was
“ without a title or an estate, but because I
“ could not be reconciled to his profession.
“ I was determined you should never marry
“ a cockade, and carry a knapsack; and if he
“ had been a general officer, I would have
“ preferred an honest citizen, who encourages
“ trade and navigation, before him. Besides,
“ I was angry that you should hold a private
“ correspondence, and think to carry your
“ point without me: but you were greatly
“ misrepresented; so was the captain: He has
“ gallantly removed all my objections at once;
“ he is not now in the army; nor has he ever
“ attempted to subvert my authority: he is a
“ true heart; and I feel that I love him as
“ my son. He is still within reach; and you
“ shall this moment write to him with your
“ own hand, and tell him, that I say he shall
“ be your husband. I have money enough for
“ you both; and if I please, I can make him
“ a lord.” The poor child sat with her hand-
kerchief up to her eyes while I was speaking;
and I did not immediately perceive, that, up-
on hearing the captain was not gone, she had
fainted. We could scarce keep life in her for
above two hours; but at last she a little re-

covered her spirits, and brought me the following billet.

TO EUGENIO.

" SIR,

" My dear papa commands me to intreat,
" that you would immediately come on shore,
" and from this hour consider his house as
" your own. He is greatly affected with the
" story of your generosity and distress, which
" he has just learned by an accident which
" I cannot now communicate; and he is de-
" termined to make you his heir, without
" prejudice to, SIR,

" Your humble servant,

" AMELIA."

When I had perused this epistle, " Pshaw," says I, " put affectionate at the end of it, or
" else he won't come now." This made her smile. I was glad to see her look cheerful; and having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I dispatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio's friend the doctor by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter; it is enough, that in

about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my house: neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

Your's heartily,

AGRESTIS.

Eugenio's heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love; either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of his paternal estate, he might still have been suspected by Agrestis; and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would still have been disapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences could be discovered by human foresight, we

should see the wisdom and the kindness of divine prescription ; we should see, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our desire of happiness, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into misery ; at least, it would appear, that if some immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loss is sustained by society ; and as society is only an aggregation of individuals, he who seeks his own advantage at the expence of society, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance : but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other : and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is pu-

nished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth article of war.

“ Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid
“ another for refusing a challenge, since, ac-
“ cording to these our orders, they do but
“ the duty of Soldiers, who ought to subject
“ themselves to discipline: and we do acquit
“ and discharge all men who have quarrels
“ offered, or challenges sent to them, of all
“ disgrace or opinion of disadvantage in their
“ obedience hereunto; and whoever shall up-
“ braid them, or offend in this case, shall be
“ punished as a challenger.”

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and those, who by the arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffectual, should, as enemies to their country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.

NUMBER XVI.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man.

ON HUMAN NATURE.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis
for mine :

For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flow'r;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests
sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the
deep?

" No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause:
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;

Th' exceptions few; some change since all
began :

And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?

If the great end be human Happiness,

Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's
design,

Why then a Borgia, or a Cataline?

Who knows but He, whose hand the light'ning
forms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the
storms;

Pours fierce Ambition in a Caesar's mind,

Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man-
kind?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning
springs;

Account for moral as for nat'ral things:

Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?

In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,

Were there all harmony, all virtue here;

That never air or ocean felt the wind;

That never passion discompos'd the mind.

But All subsists by elemental strife :
And Passions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral Order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? Now upward will
he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more ;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say, what their use, had he the powers of all ?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to their state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all ?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing
find)

Is not to act or think beyond his kind ;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning years,
And stun'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him
still

The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not providence all good and wise,
Alike in what he gives, and what denies?

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy
good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee, the lark ascends and sings?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?

Loves of his own, and raptures, swell the note.

The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?

The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.

Thine the full harvest of the golden year?

Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:

The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know Nature's children all divine her care ;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, " See all things for my
use !"

" See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd
goose :

And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak con-
troul ;

Be Man the wit, and tyrant of the whole :
Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?

Admires the jay the insects gilded wings ?

Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?

Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,

To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;

For some his interest prompts him to provide,

For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride.

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy

Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,

He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,

And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest ;
Which fees no more the stroke, or feels the
pain,

Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !

NUMBER XVII.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good ; or knowing it, pursue ?

MARIA.

IN the west of England, lived Mr. Spencer,
a gentleman of handsome fortune, who was
left a widower at an early age, with one infant
daughter. The only consolation he felt after
the loss of a partner whom he entirely loved,
was in the contemplation of the opening charms
and graces of his little Maria, who soon pro-
mised to become all that he had so much ad-
mired in her deceased mother. He attended
to her education with the utmost care and as-
siduity ; procuring her instructors of every
kind, of approved merit, and often taking
that pleasing office upon himself, for which

his good sense and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With these advantages she grew up, lovely and accomplished in an uncommon degree; and seemed in every respect formed to complete the warmest wishes of a parent. He accordingly doated on her with the extreme fondness, and formed no other desire or purpose in life, than that of seeing her happily and honourably established.

In pursuit of this design, he did not, like most parents, cast his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced from impartial observation, that happiness in the conjugal state is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed relish for sober and rational felicity, the first and greatest requisite he looked for in a son in law was a mind formed to steady and habitual virtue. The character usually distinguished by the title of a man of pleasure was therefore the object of his most rooted aversion and dread.

Maria had received from nature that dubious gift, a heart of exquisite tenderness and sensibility. This, while it made her return her father's fondness with the warmest filial affection, rendered her also liable to attachments of a stronger and more dangerous kind. Unpractised in the world, she did not look at

mankind with the discerning eyes of her father; and where she saw an amiable appearance, she was easily led to imagine that every thing else was correspondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where she lived, who, to a most pleasing figure and address, added a manner and conversation the most specious and insinuating that could be conceived. He appeared all softness and refinement, at the time that his heart was vitiated by the loosest principles, and most confirmed habits of debauchery. Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Maria, before her father was aware of the danger to which she was exposed. The impression he made was too strong to be eradicated; and although her father, as soon as he discovered the connection, used every art of persuasion, and every exertion of parental authority to dissolve it, he was unable to succeed.

As Mr. Spencer constantly refused his consent to an union, the unhappy consequences of which he clearly foresaw, the lovers had no other resource to gratify their passion than an elopement. It was long before one educated in the habits and principles that had so carefully been implanted in Maria, could re-

solve upon so rash and guilty a step; but at length it was determined on and effected; and the unfortunate daughter was too late convinced of the dreadful exchange she had made, of the caresses of the most indulgent of parents, for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithless husband.

Justly incensed as her father was, she durst not attempt to soften his resentment, which, founded upon an act of disobedience that overthrew all his dearest hopes, was likely to be steadfast and durable. After suffering a variety of misery, both in mind and body, in following a husband who treated her with brutal neglect, she buried him in a garrison abroad, and returned to England in the utmost indigence, the third year after her marriage, with a son about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable asylum soon after her arrival, at the house of a lady who had been her mother's most intimate friend. By her, she was treated with all the kindness of a parent; and her benefactor, desirous of doing her still more essential service, resolved to attempt the arduous task of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good sense was equal to her benevolence, she was sensible, that in order to suc-

ceed in such an attempt, it was not adviseable to make a direct application, which would give resentment an opportunity of being heard as well as natural affection; but first to awaken his paternal feelings, and then urge the suit while the impression was still warm. She had soon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Spencer, who had always kept up an intercourse of strict friendship with her, came to pay her a visit. It was contrived that Maria's child, one of the loveliest children ever beheld, should carelessly enter the room, and play about among the company. It soon caught the eye of Mr. Spencer, who was always extremely fond of children; and he asked the lady, to whom the charming boy belonged. "To a friend of mine," she slightly answered; and turned the discourse to some other subject. The child attracted more and more of Mr. Spencer's notice. He called it to him, set it on his knee, and by several acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleased with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of engaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

The lady of the house, who had been an attentive though silent observer of this progress of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and kissing it, cried, "Heaven help thee, sweet boy! thou hast a troublesome world to struggle through!" "This little child," continued she, addressing herself to Mr. Spencer, "has already lost its father—and its mother, a most amiable creature, is left almost destitute of support." Mr. Spencer was touched to the soul. He took the child from the lady, and embracing it with tears in his eyes—"Heaven help thee indeed!" says he—"but if thou art destitute of all other friends, I will be a friend to thee! Pray, Madam, will it not be impertinent to enquire more particularly into the circumstances of the lady's situation?" "She is now in my house, Sir," says she, and will inform you herself." On this, she rung a bell; when Maria, dressed in deep mourning, entered, and rushing across the room, threw herself at her father's feet. With a voice choaked in tears, she could only say, "Forgive me, Sir! forgive me." He remained a while in suspense, looking first at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow;

and catching Maria in his arms—"I do forgive thee, my poor child!" says he, "from my soul I do—all that is past shall be forgot—this little angel makes amends for all."

This sudden stroke of felicity was too much for Maria, who fainted in her father's arms. A scene of tender confusion ensued, which however soon terminated in transports of affection and gratitude; and the lady whose benevolent ingenuity had brought about the happy event, received the most heart-felt satisfaction from her success.

NUMBER XVIII.

Each happy hour is fill'd with fresh delight,
While peace the day, and pleasure crowns the night.

ODE TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
—Alas! in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,

While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound,
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
To soothe affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please?
Come, Cheerfulness! triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O sweet of language! mild of mien!
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen!
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astrea's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye,
The year's returning pomp to spy:
He saw the radiant God of day,
Waft in his car the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flow'rs;

Before his wheels Aurora pass'd ;
And Hesper's golden lamp was last :
But fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below,
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice ;
Then mighty love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast ;
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, CHEERFULNESS ! by Heaven design'd,
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine ;
Thou, Goddess ! thy attempering hand,
Doth each discordant string command ;
Refines the soft, and swells the strong ;
And, joining nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of home-bred strife,
Nor fullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the scene where thou art by:

No sick'ning husband, damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power ;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs :
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend ;
The brother adds the name of friend :
By thee with flow'rs their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound ;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart ?
Though now he strays by rills and bow'rs
And weeping waste the lonely hours ;
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs :
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please ;
Inform his mien with manlier charms ;
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms :
With more commanding passion move ;
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse, and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again :
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,

Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung ;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight :
Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd :
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd :
Thy spirit led the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom ;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enliv'ning gale ;
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He sees the nightly damp ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend ;
He hears the neighbouring furies roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole :
Then struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,

He asks a clue for nature's ways ;
But evil haunts him through the maze :
He sees ten thousand daemons rise
To wield the empire of the skies ;
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blots the throne of God.
—O thou ! whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring ;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom ;
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale :
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour,
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause,
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be blest'd.

O thou ! whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;
Still with the muse my bosom share,
And soothe to peace intruding care :
But most exert thy pleasing power
On friendship's consecrated hour ;

And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wisdom's calm abode ;
Or warm in Freedom's ancient cause,
Traceth the source of Albion's laws ;
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But, if by Fortune's stubborn sway
From him and Friendship torn away,
I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
Vs just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

NUMBER XIX.

Clos'd his long journey with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind.

THE MONK.

A POOR monk, of the order of St. Francis,
came into the room to beg something for his

convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sou; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those nads, which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat-contented ignorance, looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven a-

bove, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows ; but it would have suited a Bramin ; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes : one might put it into the hands of any one to design ; for it was neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so : it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty ; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still ; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it——

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words great claims, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it: and had you been of the order of mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow.—But of all others, resumed

I, the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore——The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry——Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times——but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had utter'd, crouded back into my imagination:—I reflected I had no right over the poor Fran-

ciscan, but to deny him : and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I, within myself: but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

NUMBER XX.

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.

Forbear, my son, the hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder Phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still;
And tho' my portion is but scant,
I give it with good-will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;
For earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay :
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And stranger led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirps upon the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering cares oppress'd :
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitation spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest :
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth ; thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex, he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd ! he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms.
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, she cry'd ;
Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd for mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came :
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour the mercenary crowd,
With richest presents strove :
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his ; but woe is me,
Their constancy was mine :

For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain ;

Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

Forbid it heaven ! the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide ;
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear ;
My charmer, turn to see,
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true :
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

NUMBER XXI.

We must all live, and we would all live well ;
But how to do it, very few can tell.

THE FASHIONABLE COUNTRY LADIES.

AN honest country gentleman has thought proper to communicate some anecdotes of his family in the following letter :

I am a plain country gentleman, with a small fortune and a large family. My boys, all except the youngest, I have contrived to set out into the world in tolerable promising situations. My two eldest girls are married ; one to a clergyman, with a very comfortable living, and a respectable character ; the other to a neighbour of my own, who farms most of his own estate, and is supposed to know country-business as well as any man in in this part of the kingdom. I have four

other girls at home whom I wish to make, fit wives for men of equal rank with their brothers in law.

About three months ago, a great lady in our neighbourhood (at least as neighbourhood is reckoned in our quarter) happened to meet the two eldest of my unmarried daughters at the house of a gentleman, a distant relation of mine, and, as well as myself, a freeholder in our county. The girls are tolerably handsome, and I have endeavoured to make them understand the common rules of good-breeding. My Lady ——— ran out to my kinsman, who happens to have no children of his own, in praise of their beauty and politeness, and at parting, gave them a most pressing invitation to come and spend a week with her during the approaching Christmas holidays. On my daughter's return from their kinsman's, I was not altogether pleased at hearing of this invitation; nor was I more satisfied with her very frequent quotations of my Lady ———'s sayings and sentiments, and the description of the beauty of her complexion, the elegance of her dress, and the grandeur of her equipage. I opposed, therefore, their design of paying this Christmas visit pretty warmly. Upon this, the honour done them by the invitation,

the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with the great lady, and the benefit that might accrue to my family from the influence of her lord, were immediately rung in my ears, not only by my daughters, but also by their mother, whom they had already gained over to their side; and I must own to you, Mr. ———, though I would not have you think me hen-peck'd, that my wife, somehow or other, contrives to carry most points in our family; so my opposition was overruled; and to ——— the girls went; but not before they had made a journey to the metropolis of our country, and brought back a portmanteau full of necessaries, to qualify them for appearing decently, as my wife said, in the company they should meet there.

In about a month, for their visit was drawn out to that length, my daughters returned. But had you seen, Mr. ———, what an alteration that month had made on them! Instead of the rosy complexions and sparkling eyes they had carried with them, they brought back cheeks as white as a curd, and eyes as dead as the beads in the face of a baby.

I could not help expressing my surprise at the sight; but the younger of the two ladies

immediately cut me short, by telling me that their complexion was the only one worn at ———.

And no wonder, Sir, it should, from the description which my daughter sometimes gives us of the life people lead there. Instead of rising at seven, breakfasting at nine, dining at three, supping at eight, and getting to bed by ten, as was their custom at home, my girls lay till twelve, breakfasted at one, dined at six, supped at eleven, and were never in bed till three in the morning. Their shapes had undergone as much alteration as their faces. From their bosoms, (necks they called them), which were squeezed up to their throats, their waists tapered down to a very extraordinary smallness; they resembled the upper half of an hour-glass. At this also I marvelled; but it was the only shape worn at ———. Next day, at dinner, after a long morning preparation, they appeared with heads of such a size, that my little parlour was not of height enough to let them stand upright in it. This was the most striking metamorphosis of all. Their mother started; I ejaculated; my other children burst out a-laughing; the answer was the

same as before ; it was the only one worn at

Nor is their behaviour less changed than their garb. Instead of joining in the good-humoured cheerfulness we use to have among us before, my two fine young ladies check every approach to mirth, by calling it vulgar. One of them chid their brother the other day for laughing, and told him that it was monstrously ill-bred. In the evenings, when we were wont, if we had nothing else to do, to fall to Blindman's buff, or Cross-purposes, or sometimes to play at Loo for cherry-stones, these two get a pack of cards to themselves, and sit down to play for any little money their visit has left them, at a game none of us know any thing about. It seems, indeed, the dull-est of all amusements, as it consists in merely turning up the faces of the cards, and repeating their names from an ace upwards, as if the players were learning to speak, and had got only thirteen words in their vocabulary. But of this, and every other custom at ———, nobody is allowed to judge but themselves. They have got a parcel of phrases, which they utter on all occasions as decisive, French, I believe, though I can scarce find any of them in the dictionary, and am unable to put

them upon paper; but all of them mean something extremely fashionable, and are constantly supported by the authority of my Lady or the Countess, his Lordship, or Sir John.

As they have learned many foreign, so have they unlearned some of the most common and best understood home phrases. When one of my neighbours was lamenting the extravagance and dissipation of a young kinsman who had spent his fortune, and lost his health in London, and at Newmarket, they called it life, and said it shewed spirit in the young man. After the same rule they lately declared, that a gentleman could not live on less than 1000 l. a year, and called the account which their mantuamaker and milliner sent me, for the fineries purchased for their visit at ———, a trifle, though it amounted to 59 l. 11 s. 4 d. exactly a fourth part of the clear income of my estate.

All this, Mr. ———, I look upon as a sort of pestilential disorder, with which my poor daughters have been infected in the course of this unfortunate visit. This consideration has induced me to treat them hitherto with lenity and indulgence, and try to effect their cure by mild methods, which indeed suit my temper (naturally of a pliant kind, as every bo-

dy except my wife says) better than harsh ones. Yet I confess, I could not help being in a passion t'other day, when the disorder shewed symptoms of a more serious kind. Would you believe it, Sir, my daughter Elizabeth (since her visit, she is offended if we call her Betty), said it was fantastical to find fault with card-playing on Sunday; and her sister Sophia gravely asked my son-in-law, the clergyman, if he had not some doubts of the soul's immortality.

As certain great cities, I have heard, are never free from the plague, and at last come to look upon it as nothing terrible or extraordinary; so, I suppose, in London, or even your town, Sir, this disease always prevails, and is but little dreaded. But, in the country, it will be productive of melancholy effects indeed; if suffered to spread there, it will not only imbitter our lives, and spoil our domestic happiness, as at present it does mine, but, in its most violent stages, will bring our estates to market, our daughters to ruin, and our sons to the gallows. Be so humane, therefore, Mr. ———, as to suggest some expedient for keeping it confined within those limits in which it rages at present. If no public regulation can be contrived for

that purpose (though I cannot help thinking this disease of the great people merits the attention of government, as much as the distemper among the horned cattle), try, at least, the effects of private admonition, to prevent the sound from approaching the infected; let all little men like myself, and every member of their families, be cautious of holding intercourse with the persons or families of Dukes, Earls, Lords, Nabobs, or Contractors, till they have good reason to believe that such persons and their households are in a sane and healthy state, and in no danger of communicating this dreadful disorder. And if it has left such great and noble persons any feelings of compassion, pray put them in mind of that well-known fable of the boys and the frogs, which they must have learned at school. Tell them, Sir, that though the making fools of their poor neighbours may serve them for a Christmas gambol, it is matter of serious wretchedness to those poor neighbours in the after-part of their lives: it is sport to them but death to us.—But, to proceed to the sequel of this connection.

I was beginning to hope that time, and the sobriety of manners which home exhibited, would restore my two daughters to their for-

mer situation, when unfortunately a circumstance happened, still more fatal to me, than their expedition to ———. This, Sir was the honour of a visit from the great lady in return.

I was just returning from the superintendence of my ploughs in a field I have lately inclosed, when I was met on the green, before my door, by a gentleman (for such I took him to be) mounted upon a very handsome gelding, who asked me, by the appellation of honest friend, if this was not Mr. Homespun's; and, in the same breath, whether the ladies were at home? I told him, my name was Homespun, the house was mine, and my wife and daughters were, I believed, within. Upon this, the young man, pulling off his hat, and begging my pardon for calling me honest, said, he was dispatched by Lady ———, with her compliments to Mrs. and Misses Homespun, and that if convenient, she intended herself the honour of dining with them, on her return from B—— park (the seat of another great and rich lady in our neighbourhood).

I confess Mr. ———, I was struck somewhat of an heap with the message; and it would not, in all probability, have received an immediate answer, had it not been overheard

by my eldest daughter, who had come to the window on the appearance of a stranger. "Mr. Papillot," said she immediately, "I rejoice to see you? and I hope your lady and all the family are well." "Very much at your service Ma'm," he replied, with a low bow; "my lady sent me before, with the offer of her best compliments, and that if convenient,"—and so forth, repeating his words to me. "She does us infinite honour," said my young Madam; "let her ladyship know how happy her visit will make us; but in the mean time, Mr. Papillot, give your horse to one of the servants, and come in and have a glass of something after your ride." "I am afraid," answered he (pulling out his right-hand watch; for, would you believe it Sir? the fellow had one in each fob), "I shall hardly have time to meet my lady at the place she appointed me." On a second invitation, however, he dismounted, leaving his horse to the care of the servants; but my servants, as my daughter very well knew, were all in the fields at work; so I, who have a liking for a good horse, and cannot bear to see him neglected, had the honour of putting Mr. Papillot's in the stable myself.

After about an hour's stay, for the gentleman seemed to forget his hurry within doors, Mr. Papillot departed. My daughters, I mean the two polite ones, observed how handsome he was; and added another observation, that it was only to particular friends my Lady sent messages by him, who was her own body servant, and not accustomed to such offices. My wife seemed highly pleased with this last remark. I was about to be angry; but on such occasions it was not my way to say much: I generally shrug up my shoulders in silence; yet, as I said before, Mr. ———, I would not have you think me hen-pecked.

By this time, every domestic about my house, male and female, were called from their several employments to assist in the preparations for her Ladyship's reception. It would tire you to enumerate the various shifts that were made; by purchasing, borrowing, &c. to furnish out a dinner suitable to the occasion. My little grey poney, which I keep for sending to market, broke his wind in the cause, and has never been good for any thing since.

Nor was there less ado in making ourselves and our attendants fit to appear before such company. The female part of the family managed the matter pretty easily; women, I ob-

serve, have a natural talent that way. My wife took upon herself the charge of appareling me for the occasion. A laced suit which I had worn at my marriage, was got up for the purpose; but the breeches burst a seam at the very first attempt of pulling them on, and the sleeves of the coat were also impracticable; so she was forced to content herself with clothing me in my Sunday's coat and breeches, with the laced waistcoat of the above-mentioned suit, slit in the back, to set them off a little. My gardener, who has been accustomed indeed to serve in many capacities, had his head cropped, curled and powdered, for the part of butler; one of the best looking plough-boys, had a yellow cape clapped to his Sunday's coat, to make him pass for a servant in livery; and we borrowed my son-in-law the parson's man for a third hand.

All this was accomplished, though not without some tumult and disorder, before the arrival of the great lady. She gave us, indeed, more time for the purpose than we looked for, as it was near six o'clock before she arrived. But this was productive of a misfortune on the other hand; the dinner my poor wife had bustled, sweated, and scolded for, was so over-boiled, over-stewed, and over-roasted, that

it needed the appetite of so late an hour to make it go well down even with me, who am not very nice in these matters: luckily her ladyship, as I am told, never eats much, for fear of spoiling her shape, now that small waists have come into fashion again.

The dinner however, though spoiled in the cooking, was not thrown away, as her ladyship's train made shift to eat the greatest part of it. When I say her *train*, I do not mean her servants only, of which there were half a dozen in livery, besides the illustrious Mr. Papillot, and her ladyship's maid, gentlewoman I should say, who had a table to themselves. Her parlour-attendants were equally numerous, consisting of two ladies and six gentlemen, who had accompanied her ladyship in this excursion, and did us the honour of coming to eat and drink with us, and bringing their servants to do the same, though we had never seen or heard of them before.

During the progress of this entertainment, there were several little embarrassments, which might appear ridiculous in description, but were matters of serious distress to us. Soup was spilled, dishes overturned, and glasses broken by the awkwardness of our attendants: and things were not a bit mended by my wife's

folicitude (who, to do her justice, had all her eyes about her) to correct them.

From the time of her ladyship's arrival, it was impossible that dinner could be over before it was dark. This, with the consideration of the bad road she had to pass through in her way to the next house she meant to visit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to pass the night with us; which, after a few words of apology for the trouble she gave us, and a few more of the honour we received, was agreed to. This gave rise to a new scene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were dislodged from our own apartment, to make room for our noble guest. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and slept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen who were entitled to the greatest degree of respect; for the remaining two, we found beds at my son-in-law's. My two eldest daughters had indeed little time to sleep, being closetted the greatest part of the night with their right honourable visitor. My offices were turned topsy-turvey for the accommodation of the servants of my guests; and my own horses turned into the fields, that theirs might occupy my stable.

All these are hardships of their kind, Mr. ———, which the honour that accompanies them, seems to me not fully to compensate; but these are slight grievances, in comparison with what I have to complain of as the effects of this visit. The malady of my two eldest daughters is not only returned with increased violence upon them, but has now communicated itself to every other branch of my family. My wife, formerly a decent discreet woman, who liked her own way indeed, but was a notable manager, now talks of this and that piece of expence as necessary to the rank of a gentlewoman, and has lately dropped some broad hints, that a winter in town is necessary to the accomplishment of one. My two younger daughters have got the heads that formerly belonged to their elder sisters, to each of whom, unfortunately, the great lady presented a set of feathers, for which new heads were essentially requisite.

The inside of all of them has undergone a very striking metamorphosis, from this one night's instruction of their visitor. There is, it seems, a fashion in morality, as well as in dress; and the present mode is not quite so strait-laced as the stays are. My two fine ladies talked, a few mornings ago, of such a

gentleman's *connection* with Miss C——, and such another's *arrangement* with Lady G——, with all the ease in the world : yet these words, I find, being interpreted, mean nothing less than fornication and adultery. I sometimes remonstrate warmly, especially when I have my son-in-law to back me, against these new-fangled freedoms ; but another doctrine they have learned is, that a *father* and a *parson* may preach as they please, but are to be followed only according to the inclination of their audience. Indeed I could not help observing, that my Lady —— never mentioned her absent Lord (who, I understand, is seldom of her parties), except sometimes to let us know how much she differed in opinion from him.

This contempt of authority, and affectation of fashion, has gone a step lower in my household. My gardener has tied his hair behind, and stolen my flour to powder it ever since he saw Mr. Papillot ; and yesterday he gave me warning that he should leave me next term, if I did not take him into the house, and provide another hand for the work in the garden. I found a great hoyden, who washes my daughters linens, sitting, the other afternoon, dressed in one of their cast fly-caps, entertaining this same oaf of a gardener, and the wives of two

of my farm-servants, with tea, forsooth ; and when I quarrelled her for it, she replied, that Mrs. Dimmity, my Lady ——'s gentlewoman told her all the maids at —— had tea, and saw company of an afternoon.

But I am resolved on a reformation, Mr. ——, and shall let my wife and daughters know, that I will be master of my own house, and my own expences, and will neither be made a fool or a beggar, though it were after the manner of the greatest Lord in Christendom. Yet I confess I am always for trying gentle methods first. I beg, therefore that you will give us your best advice, and try to persuade my family, if possible, to give over a behaviour, which I think, under favour, is rather improper even in great folks, but is certainly ruinous to little ones.

NUMBER XXII.

We'll shake our sides with a perpetual laugh.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown ;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—

“ Though wedded we have been
“ These twice ten tedious years, yet we
“ No holiday have seen.

“ To morrow is our wedding day,

“ And we will then repair

“ Unto the *Bell* at Edmonton,

“ All in a chaise and pair.

“ My sister and my sister's child,

“ Myself and children three,

“ Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride

“ On horseback after we.”

He soon reply'd—" I do admire

" Of woman-kind but one ;

" And you are she, my dearest dear,

" Therefore it shall be done.

" I am a linen-draper bold,

" As all the world does know ;

" And my good friend Tom Callender,

" Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin—" That's well said ;

" And, for that wine is dear,

" We will be furnish'd with our own,

" Which is so bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;

O'erjoyed was he to find,

That though on pleasure she was bent,

She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,

But yet was not allow'd

To drive up to the door, left all

Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was staid,

Where they did all get in ;

Six precious souls ; and all agog

To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his face, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would grieve him still much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty scream'd into his ears—
“ The wine is left behind !”

“ Good lack !” quoth he ; “ yet bring it me,
“ My leathern belt likewise,
“ In which I bear my trusty sword
“ When I do exercise.”

Now Mrs. Gilpin—careful soul !

Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor which she lov'd,
And keep it safe and found.

Each bottle had two curling ears,
Through which the belt he drew ;
He hung one bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat.
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So " fair and softly," John did cry ;
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as he needs must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dream't, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The horse, who never had before
Been handled in this kind,
Affrighted fled ; and, as he flew,
Left all the world behind.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay ;
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As has been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all ;
And ev'ry soul cry'd out, " Well done !"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he !
His fame soon spread around—
“ He carries weight !—he rides a race !—
“ ’Tis for a thousand pound !”

And still, as fast as he drew near,
’Twas wonderful to view,
How, in a trice, the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back,
Were shatter’d at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
And made his horse’s flanks to smoke,
As he had basted been.

But still he seem’d to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac’d ;
For still the bottle necks were left
Both dangling at his waist.

Thus, all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about,
On both sides of the way;
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife,
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tir'd!"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But, ah! his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And fore against his will,
Till at his friend's Tom Callender's
His horse at last stood still.

Tom Callender surpris'd to see
His friend in such a trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him—

“ What news, what news !—the tidings tell :
“ Make haste and tell me all !
“ Say, why bare headed you are come,
“ Or why you come at all ?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke ;
And thus unto Tom Callender,
In merry strains, he spoke—

“ I come because your horse would come ;
“ And if I well forebode,
“ My hat and wig will soon be here ;
“ They are upon the road.”

Tom Callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that droop'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear ;
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,

Thus shew'd his ready wit—

“ My head is twice as big as yours,

“ They therefore needs must fit.

“ But let me scrape the dirt away

“ That hangs about your face ;

“ And stop and eat—for well you may

“ Be in a hungry case !”

Said John—“ It is my wedding day ;

“ And folks would gape and stare,

“ If wife should dine at Edmonton,

“ And I should dine at Ware.”

Then speaking to his horse, he said,

“ I am in haste to dine ;

“ 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,

“ You shall go back for mine.”

Ah ! luckless word and bootless boast,

For which he paid so dear ;

For, while he spoke, a braying ass

Did sing most loud and clear :

Whereat his horse did snort, as if

He heard a lion roar ;

And gallop'd off, with all his might,

As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin—and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first :
For why ? They were too big.

Now, Gilpin's wife, when she had seen
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown :

And thus, unto the youth she said
That drove them to the *Bell*,
“ This shall be yours, when you bring back
“ My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon they met :
He tried to stop John's horse
By seizing fast the flowing rein ;
But only made things worse :

For, not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
He thereby frightened Gilpin's horse,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin—and away
Went post-boy at his heels ;
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumber of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue-and-cry.

" Stop thief !—stop thief !—a highwayman !"
Not one of them was mute,
So they, and all that pass'd that way,
Soon joined in the pursuit.

But all the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The men still thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race :

And so he did, and won it too ;
For he got first to town :
Nor stopp'd, till where he first got up,
He did again get down.

Now let us sing—Long live the king ;
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And when he next does ride abroad,
May I be there to see.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by
Mandell and Son.



